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The Monthly Journal of the OVERSEAS CLUB & PATRIOTIC LEAGUE

Vol IV No 37 FEBRUARY 1919

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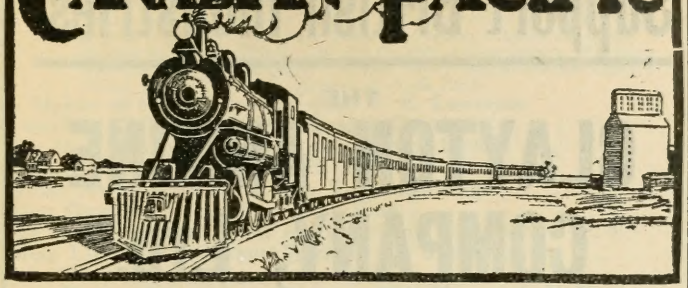

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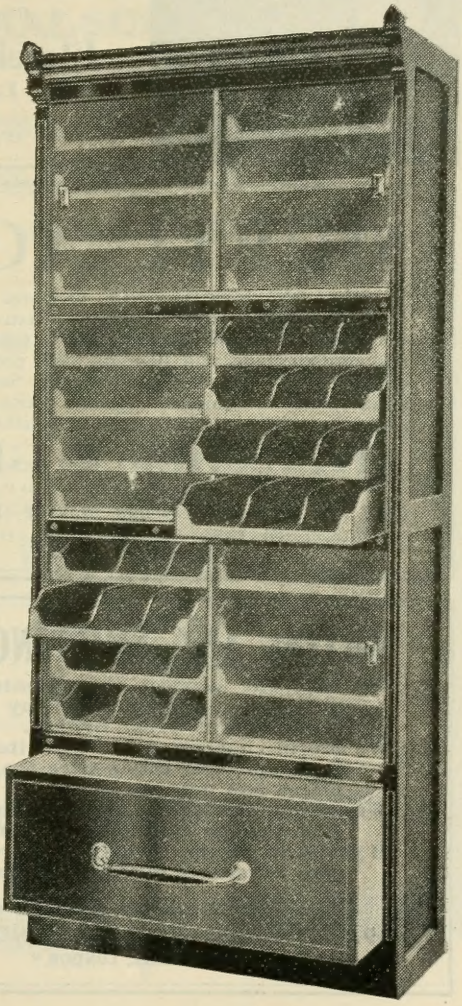

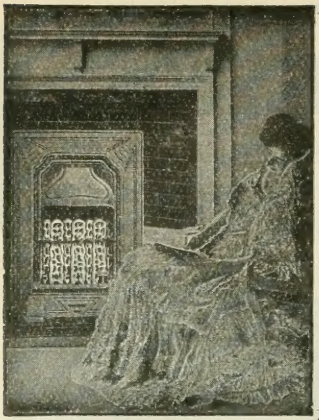

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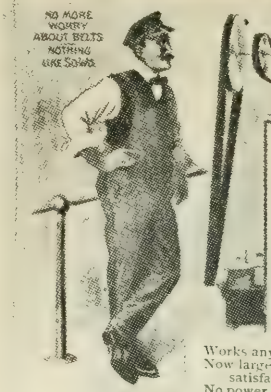

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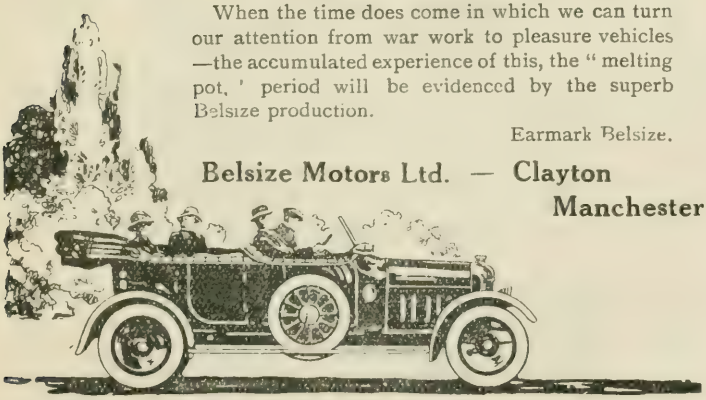

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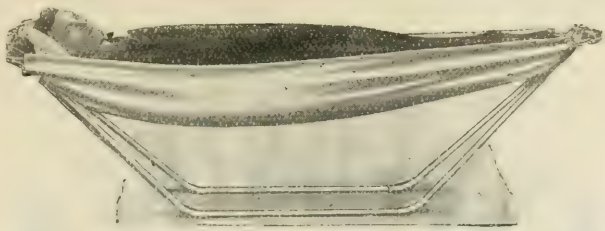

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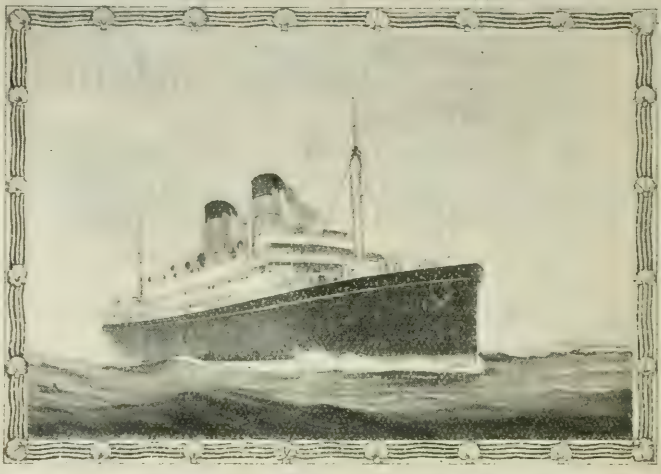

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Painted by A. Heaton Cooper] [*Messrs. A. & C. Black.*

THE SEA CAVES OF BALLYBUNNION.

The picture gives one the feeling of intense loneliness and wildness so typical of many parts of West Ireland. The coast seems to belong by right to the gull- rather than to the fishertolk, whose rugged, white-washed cottages appear in the foreground. The natural rock arches are wonderfully formed, and together with a beautiful beach and high cliffs form the chief attractions of Ballybunnion, a village situated on the Kerry coast, south of the Shannon.

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Vol. IV. No. 37. February, 1919.

My Monthly Letter

By E. W.

My Monthly Letter.

ELECTION FIGURES ANALYSED.—The outstanding features of the General Election were the personal triumph of the Prime Minister, the rout of the pacifists, the ill-success of the women candidates, and the Sinn Fein sweep in Ireland. Labour did not obtain as large a representation as its supporters hoped for and its opponents feared. Here are the figures of the final analysis of the voting—of the 707 seats, 107 were uncontested :—

The total electorate for 707 seats . .	21,371,612
Actual votes polled for 600 seats . .	10,761,195
Unionist Coalition	3,484,269
,, Non-Coalition	369,555
Liberal Coalition	1,450,443
,, Non-Coalition	1,293,808
Labour	2,375,202

An analysis of the Irish voting shows the following results :—

Sinn Fein	485,105
Unionist	289,236
Nationalist	237,393

In other words, Sinn Fein has captured very nearly half the polled votes of the Irish electorate. Sinn Fein had also the distinction of returning the solitary woman M.P. in Countess Markievicz for St. Patrick's, Dublin.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S PLEDGE.—The political wiseacres are shaking their heads over the size of Mr. Lloyd George's majority of 254 and foresee impending disaster for him. Whatever the future may have in store, the Prime Minister, satisfied with a following of 478, is setting to work with characteristic energy to carry out his election pledges. On the night the election results

My Monthly Letter.

were announced I was at the Carlton Restaurant, where Mrs. Lloyd George and Miss Megan Lloyd George were dining with some friends to celebrate the occasion, and they certainly seemed well satisfied with the result.

The Prime Minister has the country behind him to a remarkable degree, and it is be to hoped that he will be able to carry out his great programme of social reform despite the reactionary views of some of his supporters. Mr. Lloyd George spent New Year's Day with his constituents. Speaking in Welsh, he said :—

"I am deeply indebted to Pwllheli for its loyalty and kindness ever since I began my political career. It was you who gave me my start. Ever since then I have tried to be faithful to the principles which Pwllheli elected me to represent, the principles of democracy, freedom and right. In all the offices which I have filled, and last of all as Chief Minister of the Crown, I have not departed one iota from the great principles so dear to the masses of my country. If I betray those principles now, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." (Loud cheers.)

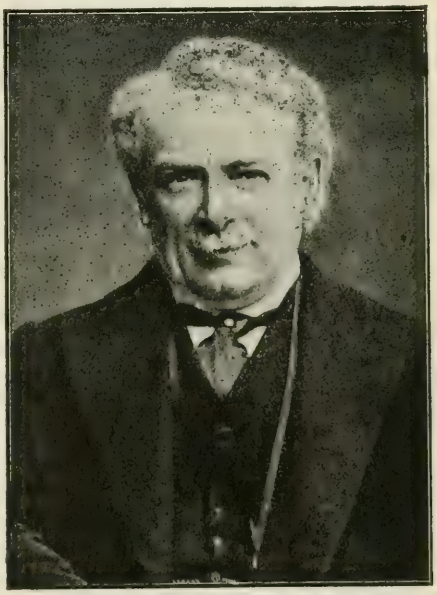
PEACE CONFERENCE REFLECTIONS.—The Peace Conference delegates have assembled and the eyes of humanity are turned to Paris. Never have human beings been confronted with such problems as will be discussed in Paris during the next few months. Never was there greater need for long views, for strong action, based on the highest ideals, and for a determination to adopt no selfish attitude, to indulge in no petty spirit of revenge if a lasting peace is to be restored to the world. Only the greatest statesmanship will steer the good ship Europa through the Scylla and Charybdis of anarchy and reaction. All nations must rise to the great occasion. Let us take to heart the wise reply Lord Castlereagh made to Lord Liverpool a hundred years ago. Lord Liverpool, from the party politician's standpoint, urged that the Government would gain much popularity by taking some material reward of victory from the defeated enemy. "It is not our business," the great statesman answered, "to collect trophies, but to try if we can bring back the world to peaceful habits."

It is almost impossible to form a just estimate of the true internal conditions of Russia—and the Russian problem is probably the most difficult confronting the Allies. To what extent has Bolshevism captured the imagination of the Russian people, which in the last resort means the Russian Moujik, and by what means can moderate influences in Russia be strengthened? When will a Government exist in Germany sufficiently stable to deal with the Allies, a Government which must expiate the crimes of the German people against humanity? A Government which must give proof by its acts that Prussian militarism and all it stands for are gone for ever, before Germany

can again be re-admitted into the comity of nations. And the young Czecho-Slovak and Polish Republics, how are they to be firmly established out of the ruins of the Hapsburg Monarchy? And, travelling further east, with what care must the foundations be laid of the new Arab state, of Armenia, and of Jewish Palestine, if the peace is to be a lasting one. Other problems, each one sufficient to have monopolised the skill of the Chancellories of the world, will also demand attention: the distribution of Germany's colonies, the strengthening of Persia, the future status of Asia Minor and Syria, the internationalisation of the Dardanelles, and many more.

WINDOWS OF FREEDOM—The last issue of the *Round Table* contains an article entitled "Windows of Freedom." In it the writer deals at some length with America's place in world government. He points out how great is the moral obligation which rests upon the United States to take her fair share in the white man's burden—which has hitherto fallen almost entirely upon the 45,000,000 inhabitants of the British Isles. America has long had special links with the Near East. Roberts College at Constantinople and her excellent missions throughout Asia Minor have given America a special position in Near-Eastern affairs. If America would come forward as the guardian of the neutrality of the Dardanelles and as the sponsor for good government in the Near East, with the full mandate of the Peace Conference, her influence for good in promoting order and good government in the lands which are the cradle of the human race would be without limit. The democracies of the British Commonwealth would welcome the rise of America as a joint trustee in the cause of civilisation in the Middle East.

RECONSTRUCTION PROBLEMS.—Labour problems are naturally much to the fore at the present time, and rightly so, because without satisfied workers we cannot build up that new world which we have all been talking about for the past five years. Mr. George Barnes, who was the Labour member in the War Cabinet and is



The Victory Smile! Mr. Lloyd George was 56 on January 17th.

My Monthly Letter.

a British delegate at the Peace Conference, has been giving his views in the *Daily Chronicle* as to some of the steps we must take to put our house in order. He looks to the Peace Conference to establish a working-class charter which would provide some international machinery for setting up and enforcing a decent standard of life. One of the great obstacles to better conditions in the past has been the difficulty created by the importation of goods made under sweated conditions. Another matter which Mr. Barnes did not refer to, but which will have to be faced, is the competition of Japanese and other Oriental nations employing cheap labour—a problem concerning which many readers of "Overseas" have had practical experience.

Among the ideals for which we must work are a minimum standard of hours and wages for all countries, the total abolition of child labour, the prevention of employment of women after child-birth, the improvement of our factories, including the increase of ventilation and daylight and the total abolition of sweating in any form. If only we would approach our labour difficulties from the standpoint of "the other fellow" many of them would vanish.

The Cleveland (Yorkshire) Miners' Executive have been demanding a six-hour' day among other things and the abolition of all female labour in the mines. Would not most of us, if fate compelled us to work in the bowels of the earth, feel that six hours below ground per day was quite enough? And which of us, if we had the choice, would desire our women-folk to make their living below ground?

The 47-hour week has now been successfully introduced in many counties, and one of the chief advantages from the workers' standpoint is a later start in the mornings. We cannot go the whole way with Mr. Henry Ford, who pays his 40,000 workers at his Detroit factories a minimum wage of 25s. a day and provides ideal conditions of work, but we can at least realise that it is good business to have happy, healthy workers.

THE WORKER'S STATUS.—The other evening, at the Savoy Hotel, it was my privilege to hear Mr. John Hilton, the social worker and publicist, describe his early days. The child of Lancashire working people, he told us how as a boy he used to look down through a grating into one of the below-ground level cotton mills in his home town. He gave us a wonderful word-picture of the fetid atmosphere, the bad ventilation, the noise, the long hours, the haggard faces. Suddenly the fear seized hold of him that unless he got out of the rut that would be his life for thirty, forty or fifty years as the case might be, until he was too old for work. He pleaded that what the workers want is not only better pay but *status*. Mr. Hilton is right. We shall never settle our industrial problems till we make life more worth while for the toiling millions

My Monthly Letter.

in our industrial centres. A new spirit is, however, afoot, thank God, a spirit which sees things from the worker's standpoint ; a spirit which realises that a sacred obligation rests upon all of us to make our land a land of happy homes. Till we have shown the bottom ten millions—the darkest England of General Booth—the way out our swords must remain unsheathed.

LAST FOUR MONTHS OF WAR.—The figures of the captures made by the various Allied Armies from July 18th to November 11th have now been published, and no Briton need be ashamed of them. The full story of the share the British Empire played in bringing about the downfall of Germany has yet to be written, but by degrees a just appreciation of our part is being formed :—

	Prisoners.	Guns.
British Armies (61 divisions)	188,700	2,840
French Armies (103 divisions)	139,000	1,880
American Armies	43,300	1,421
Belgian Armies	14,500	474
Totals	385,500	6,615

"LITTLE LAWRENCE."—There is a very remarkable young man in London at the present time who, till recently, was unknown as far as the general public was concerned. A few days since I returned to my office after lunch to find an unassuming young Englishman of twenty-nine waiting to see me. It was only after a few minutes' conversation that I realised that I was in the presence of Colonel T. E. Lawrence, who has been nicknamed the "English Arab," and whose name is one to conjure with throughout the Middle East. "Little Lawrence," as he is affectionately referred to by his friends, was before the War a history scholar at Magdalen College, Oxford. During the past four years of war he has been making history on his own. For two years he has been Staff Officer to Sherif Feisal, Commander-in-Chief of the Arab Army and son

Colonel T. E. Lawrence, the "English Arab," whose interesting article appears on p. 37.

My Monthly Letter.

of the King of Hedjaz, a direct descendant of the Prophet. The young Englishman has been made an Emir of the Arab Army, a unique distinction to be conferred on a foreigner. Colonel Lawrence has played a very prominent part in organising the Arab forces and in leading them into final victory. Quite unassuming, modest in the extreme, devoted to the Arab people, this young Englishman, before he is thirty, has achieved success which would have turned the head of many men. He is an ardent apostle of Arab aspirations, and is attached to Sherif Feisal during his stay at the Peace Conference. So long as the British Empire produces men of the type of "Little Lawrence" we need have no fears for the future.

ALLENBY'S "CROWNING MERCY."—General Allenby's dispatch on his final victory in Palestine, written in almost prosaic language, tells of one of the most remarkable episodes of the whole War. No operation during the past four and a half years was more brilliantly conceived, more successfully carried out, and more far-reaching in its consequences. The annihilation of the Turkish armies in Palestine, which made it impossible for Turkey to continue the War, was the direct outcome. This wonderful military achievement was due to three factors—perfect staff work, surprise, and the concentration of a force largely superior to that of the enemy in an unexpected locality. Once the blow had fallen the confusion of the rapidly retreating Turkish army was turned into a rout by the boys of the R.A.F. Retreating transport, maddened men and animals, panic-stricken stragglers were overtaken, rout was turned to disaster, and the Turkish armies melted into nothingness. The liberation of Palestine was a great moment in history and will add another glorious page to the part the British Empire has played in the liberation of subject peoples.

Captain Lang, R.A.F. (left), and Lieutenant Blowes, who have made a world record for altitude, climbing in a British machine to a height of 30,000 ft.

AN AIR RECORD. — Another record in man's mastery of the air has been achieved by two British airmen this month. In a British

biplane, of British design and with a British-built engine, Captain Lang and his observer soared to a height of over 30,000 feet, six miles from the ground and higher than the world's highest mountain, Mount Everest (29,000 feet). It was a wonderful example of pluck. The pilot knew that if he lost consciousness from lack of oxygen it meant certain death. His observer was unconscious, and although suffering intensely himself, he soared upwards till the stoppage of his engine compelled him to descend. The spirit of this young airman is typical of the Royal Air Force to-day, a spirit which has given the Empire supremacy in the air during the final year of war.

A LOVE MATCH.—Few Royal engagements have been greeted with such wide-spread satisfaction as that of Princess Patricia of Connaught to Commander the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, R.N. Firstly, the British public loves a romance, and the engagement of Princess Patricia is the story of thwarted love, long waiting, and finally the overcoming of all obstacles. In addition to the fact that the match is a love one, a very happy precedent has been established. That the grand-daughter of Queen Victoria and first cousin of the present Sovereign of the British Empire should marry a commoner is significant of the times. Above all, Princess Patricia's action in seeking a husband in our own country has been cordially approved. For the British Monarchy to act in accordance with the spirit of the times is a new proof of its stability. On behalf of our members throughout the world we wish Princess "Pat" and Commander Ramsay all possible happiness.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.—The appointments to Mr. Lloyd George's new Government were published on January 11th. It must be confessed that they came as a disappointment to those who had hoped that the Prime Minister would throw party traditions to the winds

H.R.H. Princess Patricia of Connaught, whose marriage to the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, R.N., takes place this month.

My Monthly Letter.

and only consider the question of merit in filling the chief offices of State. The Old Gang appears to be as strongly entrenched as ever, and of the seventy-seven appointments made only ten are new.

There are, however, several appointments which are especially welcome.

Mr. Balfour returns to the Foreign Office, where his great talents and past experience will have ample scope. Quite one of the most important aspects of British foreign policy is the question of cultivating the closest and most friendly relationship with the United States. No one is better fitted to carry out this task than Mr. Balfour. Mr. H. A. L. Fisher returns to the Board of Education. After his wonderful record there during the past two years it would have been a national calamity had he been removed. Perhaps the appointment which shows the greatest proof of statesmanship vision was that of Lord Sinha as Under-Secretary of State for India. It is the first instance in which an Indian has been appointed to this high office, and it marks another advance towards self-government in India. The new Under-Secretary has been made a peer, which also establishes a precedent in Anglo-Indian relations. We wish him all possible success in his important work.

ON NEWSPAPER CONTENTS BILLS.—One morning last week it came as rather a shock as I emerged from the Temple Station of the Underground to notice that we had returned to newspaper bills. Confronting me were a row of placards with letters some ten inches in depth with the words "West End Shooting Affray — Colonel and D.S.O. Involved," and such like. It was in March, 1917, that owing to the paper shortage newspaper contents bills disappeared from the streets of London, and quite frankly they have not been missed. Contents bills are unknown in America, and one does not find them in Paris. Surely this was one of the pre-War institutions which might well have been dispensed with.

[From "The Evening News," London.

TWO PROMISING LADS.

John Citizen: And mind you, boys, I expect a lot of you both.

My Monthly Letter.

PRINCE JOHN.—The announcement of the death of Prince John, the youngest son of the King and Queen, who was but thirteen years old, came as a great shock to every one. It was from our morning newspapers on Monday, January 20th, that we learnt the sad news. The heading which caught my eye was that of "The death of the King's son." From babyhood the young Prince had possessed a frail constitution and was subject to epileptic fits, and during the night of the eighteenth he passed away in his sleep. The profoundest sympathy is felt in all parts of the Empire with the King and Queen in their loss. During the past four and a half years of unremitting service they have been knitted very close to their people. The fact that they are now sharing the grief of the hundreds of thousands of mothers and fathers who have lost their children in the War has forged yet another bond between the Crown and the people.

On behalf of the world-wide Membership of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League a resolution of the deepest sympathy has been sent by the Central Council to their Majesties. May God comfort them in their affliction.

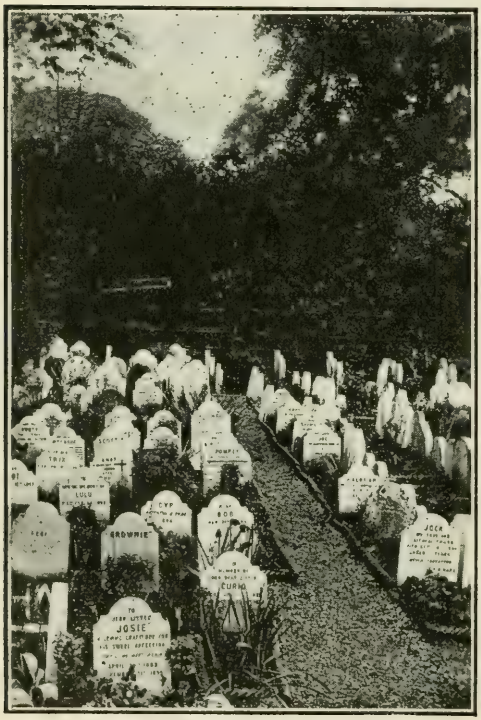
DEMOBILISATION DELAYS.—During the second week of January the demobilisation problem looked as if it might be the cause of serious trouble. There was a general fear that the Government might not deal with the matter with the requisite promptness. One morning as I was dressing I heard a considerable commotion in Victoria Street, and looking out of the window of my flat I saw several large motor-lorries filled with good-natured N.C.O.'s and men of the A.S.C., who apparently were taking a joy-ride round London, and whose destiny was the War Office. The object of their breaking camp

H.R.H. Prince John.

My Monthly Letter.

was to make a protest at the slowness of demobilisation. At Folkestone, Dover, and Brighton and elsewhere bodies of dissatisfied soldiers organised processions of protest, and the situation certainly looked as if the elements of danger were not lacking. Mr. Lloyd George, however, made a plain statement on the progress of demobilisation and the steps that were being taken to release the greatest number of men at the earliest possible moment, and the trouble subsided. The carrying into effect of demobilisation for a vast army such as ours in the most expeditious manner is by no means an easy task, but if the authorities had, in the first instance, explained to the Army exactly what their intentions were we should have been spared all this trouble.

THE DOGS' CEMETERY IN HYDE PARK.—I wonder how many readers of "Overseas" have visited the Dogs' Cemetery in the Keeper's Lodge Garden near the Victoria Gate of Hyde Park in the Bayswater Road? The "cemetery" is certainly one of the sights of London, and I am told that in the matter of popularity it runs the Tower of London close as far as the Dominion troops are concerned.



The Dogs' Cemetery, in Hyde Park.

Every miniature tombstone bears its inscription. Here are some of the legends to be read: "My Ruby Heart," "Darling Cupid," "My own darling Boy," "To my darling little Flossie," "His Granny's Darling," "My Ba-Ba, never forgotten, never replaced," "Maudie's only love"—when one thought of the War it was hard to be patient with the maudlin sentiment expressed in terms such as these. On the other hand, many of the tombs bore suitable inscriptions, to which no exception could be taken, while others bear witness to the fertile imagination of their masters: "Our Friend Sir Isaac," "Pomme de Terre and Fattie," "Jessie and Mama born in Mexico City," "Czar and Yum-Yum," "Isaac and Jeremiah." Certainly the nicest inscription of all was "Jim, a little dog with a big heart." E. W.

A Maker of Modern Arabia

By Colonel T. E. Lawrence

[The following sketch of the career of Sherif Feisal, the great Arab leader, is written by Colonel T. E. Lawrence, an Emir of the Sherif's Army, whose popular name is the "English Arab." —Editor.]

A Maker of Modern Arabia.

WHEN war broke out between the Allies and Turkey Sherif Feisal was a little-known man of twenty-seven. He had been born in Mecca, the third son of Sherif Hussein, and the thirty-seventh in direct line from the Prophet Mohammed. As a delicate child he had spent the first years of his life in the open tents of the Bedouin, on the uplands of Nejd, after the wise fashion of the princes of Arabia. He had then been educated for eighteen years in Constantinople, learning all that could be taught him in Turkish or Arabic, and mixing a good deal with foreign diplomatic society.

The family then returned to Mecca, and Feisal continued to live quietly. He is an ardent lover of the first Arabic literature, and himself a poet, a notable horseman and a marksman, as all Arab chiefs should be. His father persuaded him, however, to sit for Jedda in three Turkish Parliaments, and it was also necessary for him to fight with a contingent from his province for eighteen months, in Yemen, to help the Turks to limit the heresy of the Idrisi, a new Moslem sect which threatened the security of Mecca. These excursions gave Feisal some knowledge of modern tactics and of modern politics, as understood by the Young Turks.

When the Grand Sherif revolted in June, 1916, against the Turks he carried all the people of the Holy Cities with him. Feisal was delegated by his father to take command in the north, and there soon evinced qualities of leadership and intellect that gave him among the villagers and townspeople of Syria as great an ascendancy as his title of Sherif (applicable only to established male descendants of Hassan, the grandson of the Prophet) gave him among the tribes, who attach more weight to descent than any other peoples on earth. As Com-

Sherif Feisal, Commander-in-Chief of the Arabian Army.

A Maker of Modern Arabia.

mander-in-Chief of the North, Feisal made the Arab revolt, which was a movement of the peasantry and the poor peoples of the towns, under the headship of Arab officers (from Bagdad or Damascus) from the Turkish Army, poets, newspaper editors, doctors, and the younger sons of great families, against the Turkish hegemony of Syria.

The Turks are ruthless fighters, who break every rule of decent men in warfare whenever they think there are no influential witnesses at hand ; and, in consequence, rebellion against them was a serious move for any man to take. Feisal's campaigns did not always run smoothly, and he had many disappointments. He had to compose the hundred-year-old feuds between tribes, to give his followers freedom to pass from place to place, and he had to form a regular army, in the firing line, to provide technical support to his mounted irregulars. This regular army was dressed in British khaki and equipped with British rifles, machine-guns and guns. It took months to make, and when made took all the camels in Arabia (and some from the Sudan, by General Allenby's bounty) to maintain across the 400 miles of desert that divided its base, Akaba, from its objective, Deraa, near Damascus. In the early days of the revolt Feisal was by turns army commander, company commander, and rifleman. The Bedouin were the only men he had and they were meeting artillery fire for the first time in their lives, and they did not like it. Feisal had to lead them in camel charges and bring up the rear in retreats, and defend narrow places in the mountains with his own rifle. At the time they had few rifles and no stores, and he had to keep up the spirits of the men with the thought of material rewards to follow by filling up his treasure-chest with stones, and ostentatiously loading it upon a powerful camel.

He was, however, not long in this extremity, for, with the rapid success of the coast operations, the British fleet was able to bring him arms and stores, and his army put itself on a more business footing. Feisal was persuaded to forego adventure and to occupy himself with the strategy of his attacks and the means to be taken to extend his movement to new tribes or districts. The basis of patriotism among the Arabs is their love for the Arabic language, just as "Arabs" are people whose native language is Arabic, and it was always Feisal's boast that, from the day he revolted, no Arab fired a shot against any of his forces. As all the Arabs of Syria and Mesopotamia had been for generations under Turkey, and had all been mobilised in the Turkish Army at the outbreak of war, the truth of this boast shows no mean depth and breadth of Arab feeling.

His work, of course, culminated in the wonderful burst of national enthusiasm that ran through Syria when the Turkish forces in

A Maker of Modern Arabia.

South Syria were destroyed by the Allied armies. Feisal's force entered Damascus on September 30th, as the vanguard of Allenby's armies. Beyrout heard the news on October 2nd, and her citizens of their own accord proclaimed their independence and captured their Turkish garrison. Tripoli followed on the 3rd, Lattakia on the 5th, and Antioch on the 7th, so that before the Allied troops had reached Beyrout the only Turks at liberty in Syria were those in Aleppo and on the Aleppo railway. The Allied Commander-in-Chief took immediate steps to deal with these, with the result that to-day Syria, for the first time for five centuries, is free to speak her own language, Arabic, and to settle her own local affairs. Feisal has conquered her local jealousies as Allenby and the British, Indian, French, Italian, Arab, Jewish and Armenian troops, under his orders, conquered her external enemies.

Feisal has again and again in public acknowledged the debt he owes to Great Britain. They promised his father help when the revolt began, and made no conditions, though anything could have been extorted from the early weakness of the Arabs. They helped him by direct supply of arms, ammunition, money and food. They helped him as much indirectly by carrying out an offensive campaign in Palestine throughout the long period of defence in France. General Allenby and General Wingate gave him help also in the way of men to train technical units for his army, to do technical work pending the completion of training, and to assist in organising the army and the liberated districts. The assistance the Arabs rendered us paid us for these efforts, but we had, in addition, the prestige that the wholesale success of our protégés has added to ourselves. We have beaten the Turks, not only militarily but politically, and in virtue of these distinctions an Englishman may to-day travel the length and breadth of Arabia, through districts not only closed till now to all Europeans, but closed still to all Europeans except ourselves.

A Bedouin Woman from Egypt. Sent by Mr. A. E. Shillam, S. G. Railway, Atbara, Sudan.

Have you enrolled a Member this month? A Member a month is our motto.

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(Patron : His Majesty The King.)

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2. To render individual service to our Empire.
3. To maintain our Empire's supremacy upon the seas and in the air.
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—TENNYSON.

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Contributions or subscriptions should be addressed to The Hon. Organiser, Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

The Men who are Redrawing the Map of Europe

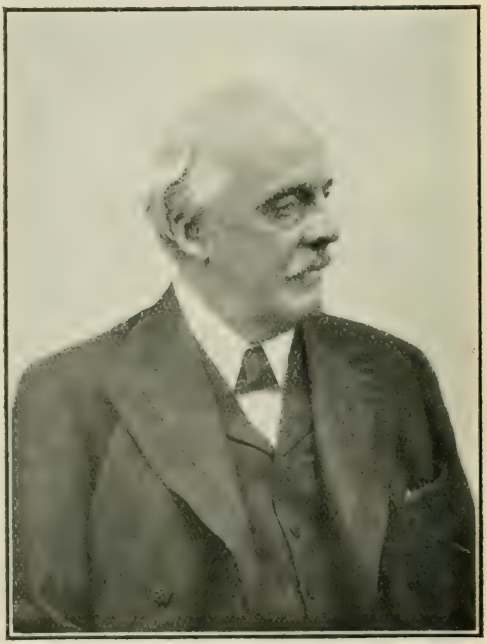
[The characters of the men who are to represent the British interests at the Peace Conference cannot fail to be of deep interest to us all. In the following article it has only been possible to comment briefly on some twelve of the chief British Delegates. It is hoped in a future issue to devote space to the eminent representatives from India and the overseas Dominions. —Editor.]

The Men who are Redrawing the Map of Europe.

IT is interesting to speculate on what manner of men they are who are sitting round the Peace Table at Versailles, and in whose hands, from a human standpoint, lie the destinies of mankind. What wisdom, what judgment, what knowledge, will these men need in the handling of the innumerable problems so delicate and intricate which will come under discussion! For the map of Europe is being redrawn. The old familiar patches of pink and yellow and green will most of them have their shapes altered. A piece will be taken off here, a bit will be added on there, and bran-new countries will have sprung into existence by the time the new atlases are published.

Let us try and form some idea of the delegates representing Great Britain. Each and all have been selected for some special gift of personality or achievement, or as an unquestioned authority on some particular set of problems.

In MR. BALFOUR we see an honoured figure, known and revered from one end of the globe to the other. Unlike every other British statesman of to-day, he is primarily a philosopher and a thinker, and appears to preserve the academic mind of a well-informed don while remaining at the same time a man of



[*Vandyk, Ltd.*

Mr. Arthur Balfour, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

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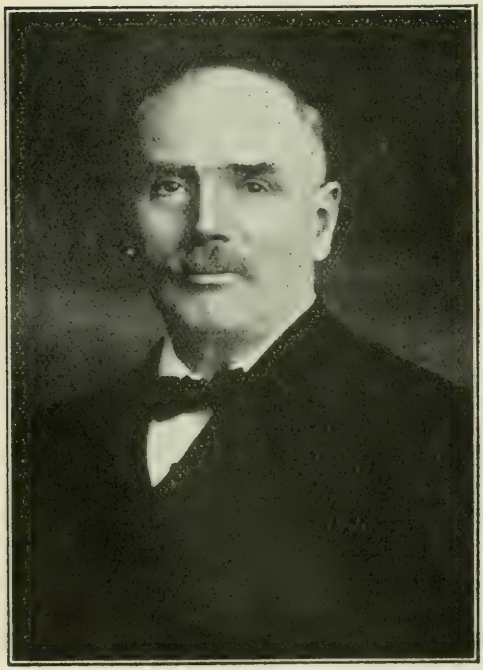
affairs and a man of the world. It is precisely this combination which is so valuable. He is unimpassioned, not easily swayed by the emotions of the moment, can argue a case with the calm and detachment of a real lover of truth. Here surely is a man who, seeing into the heart of things, can give counsels of the highest value. He has been accused of cynicism, but those who know him well declare that such an accusation is false. No one who has listened to him pleading for the rights of the Armenians or for some other down-trodden race can fail to recognise that he possesses real depths of human feeling.

He is the oldest member of the British delegates, having completed his seventieth year, and is the only unmarried one among them. Of the remainder three are 55, two are 56, two are 61, one is 60, one is 52, and one, Mr. Montagu, is only 40, all being men of wide experience and understanding.

Of MR. LLOYD GEORGE, of MR. BONAR LAW, and of MR. BARNES it is unnecessary to say much. We know the outstanding facts connected with the Prime Minister's life, of his humble origin among the Welsh hills, of his upbringing by that fearless and devout cobbler, his uncle, and of his subsequent career as, step by step, he has risen to the highest position in our political world. We know, too, of his driving power, his amazing energy, his zeal; we have listened to his eloquence, and who has not heard of his great personal charm and his infectious good spirits?



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Mr. George Barnes, M.P., Minister without Portfolio.

MR. BONAR LAW, the present leader of the House of Commons, is the only one of the home delegates who has the distinction of having been born overseas — in New Brunswick. Later he was sent to Glasgow to complete his education, and there he became a successful iron merchant. In 1900 his political life opened by his election as M.P. for a Glasgow constituency in the Conservative interest.

MR. BARNES is a Socialist.

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He has been designated as "the best and kindest man in the House of Commons." He is a man of the people, and before his entry into political life was a skilled engineer. As a young man he read "Progress and Poverty," by H. George, which has made a profound impression on him and coloured the whole of his after life. He is a solid, honest, burly Scot, and is M.P. for one of the divisions of Glasgow. He has been heart and soul on the side of a vigorous prosecution of the War, and one of his sons was killed in action.

One of the outstanding figures of the group is unquestionably that of SIR EYRE CROWE. He has been placed second to Mr. Balfour as far as sheer intellect goes. "He is all brain," so I was told by one who knows and has worked with him. His mind is a brilliant one, clear and cold, and he is never swayed by emotion. He possesses intimate knowledge of Germany and her people, for his mother was a German, and his wife the daughter of Professor Gerhardt. For this "untoward mishap" he has been the victim of innumerable attacks from the more irresponsible portion of the Press during the last four years, but, to our honour be it said, they passed unheeded. Fair play and good sense are British traits, and we do not easily mistrust a man. It is well known that one of the ablest of our Generals comes of German-Jewish origin, who has spent his great gifts freely for, and much to the advantage of, his adopted country.

Sir Eyre Crowe's work, that of Blockade Administrator of the Contraband Department at the Foreign Office, called for the highest qualities of firmness, tact and patience. He had to go gently at first: none of the neutrals must be antagonised, especially America, and yet slowly and surely the cord, all the time, had to be drawn tighter and tighter round Germany's throat. And all the world knows now that the work was well done. He is familiar with some of the problems before the delegates, for he was Secretary to the Second Peace Conference at The Hague in 1907.

The three diplomats, Sir Esmé Howard, Sir Louis Mallet and Sir Ralph Paget come in a little group by themselves. Each has been selected as an authority on his own particular subject.

As far as diplomacy during the War is concerned, SIR ESME

Mr. Bonar Law, Leader of the House of Commons.

The Men who are Redrawing the Map of Europe.

HOWARD has been perhaps the most conspicuous success. He has concerned himself mainly with North-Eastern Europe—Russia, Poland, and Scandinavia—and since 1913 he has been British Minister at Stockholm. It has been whispered that Swedish statesmen themselves admit that had it not been for Sir Esmé Howard's influence Sweden would have been in the War on Germany's side. His task was by no means an easy one. Sweden regards Russia as her hereditary enemy ; she has looked to Germany for light and leading for years. She is Protestant to the core, and Sir Esmé Howard comes of an old Roman Catholic family, but his tact, his charm, and his real capability succeeded in establishing cordial relationships between the Swedish Government and ourselves. It is interesting to recall that Sir Esmé Howard served as trooper during the South African War and won a medal with four clasps.

The history of the Balkans and the problems in connection with the south-east corner of Europe have engaged the attention and careful study of SIR RALPH PAGET for years, though his diplomatic appointments have called him first to the Far East and now to America. He was British Minister at Belgrade for the four fateful years before the War, and was, therefore, in closest touch with all that was going on in the very spot where the conflagration which was so soon to envelop the world broke out. He is a man of marked ability and, during the War, has been Minister at Copenhagen, where he was specially sent to "screw up" Denmark with regard to the blockade. He did remarkably well. He has already been appointed our first Ambassador to Brazil, but is being held up till the Peace Conference has come to an end.

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Lord Robert Cecil, K.C., M.P., Assistant Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

He has sustained the loss of his wife during the War, for it was she who won renown by working as a Red Cross nurse in Serbia in the early days, and later was in charge of a hospital there. She refused to abandon the sick and wounded Serbians under her charge at Uskub, and finally died at her post a victim to typhus, which ravaged the country.

SIR LOUIS MALLET was Ambassador in Constantinople when the War broke out. He has served in

The Men who are Redrawing the Map of Europe.

Egypt, Rome, and South America. His interests have been mainly concerned with Middle Eastern questions, Asia Minor, Persia, and Arabia. He is a man of sound judgment and great common sense, and it is felt that his presence will be a valuable asset at the Peace table.

LORD HARDINGE stands in a category by himself. His ability was recognised at an early stage. He had the good fortune to serve under Sir Mortimer Durand in Persia and under Lord Dufferin in Constantinople and Paris. He has twice held the important position at the Foreign Office of Under-Secretary of State, where he has proved himself an excellent administrator and a fearless reformer. In 1910 he reached the summit of his official career by his appointment as Viceroy of India. By the man in the street he is chiefly remembered as the Durbar Viceroy who, on the occasion of his state entry into Delhi on December 23rd, 1912, had a bomb thrown at him, and of how he ordered the procession to proceed and then lost consciousness and had to be taken down from the black elephant on whose back he was riding. In his case it may be said that his peculiar qualification is that he is accustomed to deal with all problems on a vast scale. In India, which he governed with conspicuous success, he had to deal with an enormous stretch of territory—a sixth of the world's surface—and with millions of people belonging to every variety of race and religion. He takes wide views of men and things, and is a past master in the art of managing men. His advice is sure to be both impartial and just.

LORD ROBERT CECIL, Mr. Balfour's first cousin, stands outside the Foreign Office group and goes as adviser in connection with the League of Nations. He has devoted himself for many months past to a thorough examination of the whole question of a closer and permanent connection between the peoples of the world.

As we think of these men, of the vast responsibilities resting on their shoulders, of the deepest longings of poor blundering humanity they are called upon to interpret, we may well wish them "God speed" from our hearts in their great task of "organising the friendship of the world."

[Elliott & Fry, Ltd.
Viscount Hardinge.

OVERSEAS

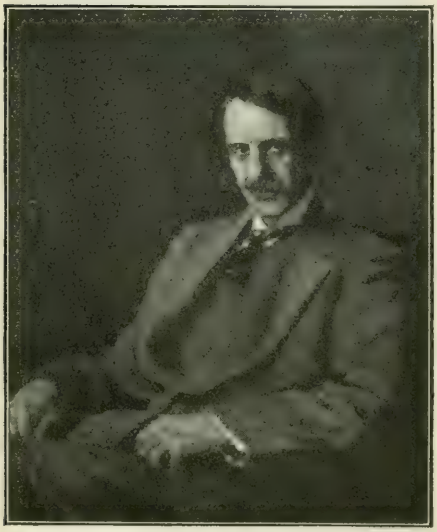
London, A.D. 1950

As visualized for us by Thomas H. Mawson, Senior Member of the City Planning Commission for the rebuilding of Salonika, Author of "Civic Art," &c.

London, A.D. 1950.

A SHORT time ago half a dozen men, whose average age was well over sixty, each of whom had won for himself a place among constructive reformers, fell, after dinner, to discussing the artistic and economic renaissance of England, and the influence its revival would have upon the future of our great cities in general, and upon London in particular. With such a topic can it be wondered at that each man renewed his youth, and that each saw visions and dreamed dreams once more?

The prospects which unfolded themselves were so alluring that every man would willingly have given everything he possessed for an assured twenty years of vigorous life in which to give a new impetus and direction to the "coming true" of the dream, of what one day may be and some day must be. It says much for the faith of these men, seeing that but yesterday when they preached these things with the audacity of youth, or later with the firmer conviction of riper judgment, they were regarded as visionaries and impractical dreamers. Now with the re-birth of a new hope, every one recognises and applauds the man who can build "castles in the air," because they know that that is where all castles must first be built. They also know that there is the privilege of being foundation builders, foundations on which the castle or city of our dreams (the plan of which was once in the air), may grow and take shape, and even become lovable and imposing.



Mr. Thomas Mawson, Hon. A.R.I.B.A., from a portrait by Sir Hubert Herkomer, R.A.

Finally, we focussed our visions upon London with all its potentialities in 1950, but of many of the changes which we pictured we may not tell even now, because we had mentally transformed London almost out of recognition. Perhaps it would be safer to say that in many respects we had mentally realised the magnificent opportunities of the finest site which any capital city of the world possesses.

London, A.D. 1950.

London, unfortunately or fortunately, as we view the matter, is such a huge place that the scope of these remarks can only include a fractional part of the whole. They are, however, typical of the all-round advance towards a perfectly appointed city in which beauty has attained recognition as a commercial asset by one part of the population and by the other as a quality worth having for its own sake.

Imagine, then, that in the year 1950 we arrive at Euston, now a great portal entrance ; we have travelled to London from the North, let us say, by a richly appointed electric train. We might, of course, have travelled by the aeroplane express, but our object being to make a rapid survey of London, we realised that this could not be done from an aeroplane travelling at a height of several thousand feet and at a speed of two hundred miles an hour.

By the time we have reached Berkhampstead we see how each centre has taken on a new dress or garb, each presenting the picture of a self-contained, residential and industrial town, which at the same time suggests that business and manufacture have become scientific and interesting occupations, carried on in clean and well-lighted workshops which are perfectly in harmony with its residential quarters and educational foundations. The characteristic old church, always a welcome landmark, is, by the clearance of slums and other mean buildings, which we remember so well, now seen to advantage, whilst every feature of historic interest seems to have been woven into a finality which is both picturesque and stately. Even Watford, which in older days never inspired us, has become a well-appointed and interesting centre, complete, as we notice, with parks, gardens and boulevards.

Between these self-contained centres there is a more intensive form of cultivation of the land, which, along with groups of picturesque cottages, gives a distinctive character to the landscape. This impression of alternating town and country is pleasing. After reaching Harrow the country seems, by almost imperceptible degrees, to merge into well-ordered suburbs in which a certain dignity and spaciousness takes the place of rural picturesqueness.

Here the blocks of buildings, evidently devoted to apartment houses, suggest the development of communal life, to which public open spaces, some of them planted with avenues of trees and rich with flowers, lend a charm to the whole. What strikes one most of all is the apparent focussing of the social life of each district into a community centre, each complete with its public halls, temples of art, libraries and theatres, each centre architecturally welded together as a connected whole. Surrounding these groups of buildings are beautiful public gardens in which restful lawns (no longer littered with sickly shrubs) is the predominant note.

On arrival at Willesden, which in the year 1950, has now become the great centre for the manufacture of high-class motors, cars

London, A.D. 1950.

and aeroplanes, we notice that instead of the dirt, grime and general squalor which we remember so well, there is a beautiful, well-designed and well-lighted station, which gives a sense of spaciousness and convenience entirely absent from the station through which we passed on our first visit to London forty years ago. From this point up to Euston we are delighted with the modern development, and particularly with the destruction of those dirty backyards, the former owners of which seemed to take a special delight in spreading out for our delectation the week's washing. The several impressions which we gain from this last lap of our journey is that the railway really stands in the centre of a spacious boulevard.

On arrival at Euston we find the stateliness of the station extends to every part, nothing mean or inefficient being allowed to remain. The great central hall still stands, its walls now covered with beautiful frescoes, and the court in front of the great hall also remains, but there is a long, wide and handsome corridor connecting all the platforms, now reduced to twelve in number, divided into three groups of four platforms each, and there is a separate handsome courtyard for motor traffic for each group.

On leaving the station we are delighted to find the old Euston Hotel, mean and feeble in design as we knew it previously, has disappeared, and that a palatial hotel has been erected on either side of the old hotel courtyard, leaving a clear vista across Euston Road and Endsleigh Gardens, along a magnificent wide boulevard, which extends in a straight line to a superb massive building erected on the west side of the British Museum. This we are told is the new temple of art, which includes an opera house and many other features necessary to the life of an art-loving community.

Taking a closer view of the more immediate surroundings of Euston Station, we notice for the first time that Euston Road, with its open gardens on either side, is really a dignified and wide avenue. This effect has been attained by the simple process of clearing away the palings surrounding Euston Square and Endsleigh Gardens, which is now bright with flowers and enriched with expressive sculptures, and also by throwing into the width of the street the gardens and lock-up shops which formerly gave such a ragged aspect to this otherwise desirable thoroughfare. The point which we notice most, however, is the erection of an imposing building opposite the west end of Endsleigh Gardens and on the site formerly occupied by a one-storey chemist's shop. This building, with its telescopic-like tower, suitably balances the beautiful St. Pancras Church at the east end of the Gardens. Thus we realise that Euston Station has become a noble portal entrance of which any capital might be proud. If this is London at its entrance, it invites us to explore further and see something of its pulsating heart.

British Aviation.

By Laurence La Tourette Driggs.

[The writer is one of the greatest authorities in aviation in America. No one has a more intimate knowledge of our air service and our airmen.—Editor.

British Aviation.

IT has been my extraordinary good fortune to have been the American guest of British Aviation for the past few months. This is the third occasion since the beginning of the War that I have had the opportunity of looking over the new war aeroplanes in England, of learning from the pilots the new progress of aeroplane activity at the front—of observing the comparative standing of the various nations in their rivalry to obtain and retain the mastery of the air.

This War has produced a new type of youth in the air fighter. Young he must be, for it is rare indeed to find a man of thirty who is the equal in combat figthing to the reckless youngster ten years his junior. Yet with that reckless youthfulness must go a remarkable sense of caution. Without that essential predominance of caution the airman invariably flies some early day to his doom.

One might almost say that a common denominator of human characteristics runs through the whole list of successful air fighters. Always one finds buoyant strength, a quickness of perception, a keen mind. Alertness and nonchalance struggle for predominance in the pilot's features. Once over the battle lines it is safe to assume that the latter changes to intentness.

Accustomed to constant peril from the moment the aeroplane leaves the ground—peril from the elements, from a faulty motor or from a hidden defect in the machine as well as from the missiles of the enemy—the war pilot must indeed be intent upon his business if he is to survive. If he survives these commonplace dangers then he

Where are we? Two German Roller Singing Canaries which were found in an evacuated village in the War area.

British Aviation.

finds himself the object of attack by adroit and often overpowering enemy aircraft.

The British pilots have carried on this air duelling with a joyousness and sportsmanship that recalls the chivalry of old. Rarely is their animosity and bitterness aroused, and I have yet to hear of a single case of alleged "atrocity in the air." The spirit of aviation may harden the pilot's soul into fatalism, but never does it degrade it into meanness.

Albert Ball, the English boy, is probably the most revered fighting ace of the British Air Service. Other pilots have surpassed his record, but none have displaced him in the affections of the fighting airmen of Great Britain. An irrepressible gaiety was his, and this fun-loving spirit has endeared Ball to his fellows, even through the one or two generations of squadron replacements which have followed his grievous death.

McCudden and Fullard, both of England, each accounted for more than fifty German aeroplanes in combat. From Canada, Bishop, Collishaw, McLaren and Barker were all well above the same score. From South Africa came Proctor with fifty-five victories to his credit. Dallas with thirty-nine, and Little with forty-seven, both came from New Zealand.

Two Australians, McClaughry and Cobby, were in this "stout" class with over a score of Hun machines each. Jones, of Wales, brought down over forty enemy aeroplanes, and the wonderful Mannock, who was shot down from the ground on August 18th, 1918, was an Irishman with seventy-one victories in air combats. No matter from what part of the Empire they came, these boys, together with scores of other aviators, who played a somewhat less conspicuous part in the war in the air, all were cast in the same gallant mould. And their successes placed the British Empire first in the air.

The accredited victories of the British aviators place them well above the German pilots. The leading twenty British aces scored a hundred more victories than did the leading twenty Huns. And eleven of the British twenty survive as against five remaining Huns. Indisputable proof of a superiority in the air that did its full part in ending the War.

With regard to bombing enemy towns by aeroplane, it may be said that three military advantages can be expected. First, there is the actual destruction of property; second, some enemy aeroplanes are tied up for defensive purposes at their localities, and, third, there is that delectable terror which is thereby spread among the scurrying people below—it gets their "wind up," in the slang of the pilot.

This latter military advantage is, I believe, rather vague. I have seen London crowds and Paris crowds under the stress of

the most magnificent "wind up," yet the moment after the "All Clear!" is sounded these crowds were animated by but one desire—to get back at the enemy tenfold for the scare he has caused them. British Aviation.

Upon one British aerodrome at the front we were visited one cloudy afternoon by a flight of seven Hun bombing machines. They came over us at a very low altitude—considerably below one thousand feet—and were at the time subjected to no annoyance beyond a noisy greeting from our Archy battery, which had had no time to get their proper range. No aeroplanes of our own were in the sky. Thus with everything in their favour the visiting Heinies circled the field and, stringing out one behind the other, they made a grand tour of the eight large hangars which lay side by side around the edges of the aerodrome.

We gathered at the door of the mess hall and watched their marksmanship. Apparently none of their missiles had struck any of the hangars within which lay concealed over one hundred British aeroplanes. As the raiders disappeared we strolled around the field to investigate. Several of our climbing aeroplanes were already in hot pursuit of the bombers.

Almost exactly in the middle of the spaces separating the several hangars the German bombs had exploded. Twelve or fourteen large holes had been made in the sod and the dirt had been admirably scattered and never could be found again. But not a soul had been hit and not a particle of damage had been inflicted upon any war property! And this raid was made from less than a thousand feet above the target.

One evening as my motor entered the city of Columbey les Belles I saw a sudden burst of flame a quarter of a mile off to my left and was conscious of a quick compression about my temples and ears. Both lights of the car were instantly extinguished. The next moment a terrible roar announced that a huge bomb had exploded not very far away.

A number of other automobiles were facing us along the way and, coincidently, all their headlights had been likewise extinguished. Later investigation disclosed that the wire filaments of my lamps had been shattered by the concussion.

"High explosive!" I observed to my chauffeur as we got out of the car. "See if you can repair the lights!" He couldn't. Other drivers along the street were swearing softly to themselves as they made similar discoveries. And all the while the Hun machines were buzzing overhead, searchlights were focusing upon them and Archy was beginning to make the night hideous.

We watched the progress of the raiders. The streets were filled with soldiers, civilians, men and women. No terror was apparent in the crowd. Every one was laughing and joking over the chase,

British Aviation.

and shrieks of laughter could be heard from several groups over some choice piece of witticism that had escaped my ears.

"This," thought I to myself, "is the extent of the injury to morale occasioned by German bombs in France. Can we hope to do more in Germany?" The actual property damage inflicted by this raid was, I discovered next morning, the annhilation of an open hillside some distance outside the town. The bomb that had put out my lights must have weighed five hundred pounds!

By far the most effective bombing raids that were undertaken during the War were those under the leadership of General Hugh Trenchard, the Commanding General of the British Independent Air Force. Installing his squadrons of gigantic Handley Page aeroplanes close to the front near the Rhine cities General Trenchard resolved to inflict the largest possible amount of damage upon enemy cities with the minimum of risk and effort.

Night flying raids very closely limited the dangers of attack. General Trenchard therefore prepared his aerodromes with night landing signals and secured machines that would carry sufficient fuel for long voyages and at the same time would carry bombs of sufficient weight to spread the maximum amount of terror and destruction.

High explosive bombs, each containing 1,650 pounds of T.N.T. were attached to each machine. Upon the first experimental test of these huge explosives the pilot discovered that every enemy searchlight in his vicinity was extinguished and every Archy battery firing at him was silenced at the instant of the explosion!

It is significant that the raids upon London ceased shortly after the activities of the Independent Air Force began. If it be true that this form of retaliation was accountable for the desired end, then there can be little doubt that the vigorous policy of General Trenchard was largely responsible for it. Slow to begin, Great Britain at the close of the War surpassed Germany in every phase of war aviation. And in surpassing Germany she had surpassed the greatest aviation force in the world. Both in output of aeroplanes and in aeroplane performance, of flying ability, the British machines now lead the world. British training schools are under the supervision of war-trained specialists who have fathomed the possibilities as well as the limitations of flying machines.

When these War brains are turned to the study of the requirements of Commercial Aviation this new science will leap forward to a position undreamed of to-day. While we are turning our swords into plowshares let us likewise turn these gigantic machines of destruction into vehicles that will unite the peaceful and dismay the lawless. May the air forces of Great Britain, from their high pinnacle, set the pace in commercial aviation to the English-speaking world.

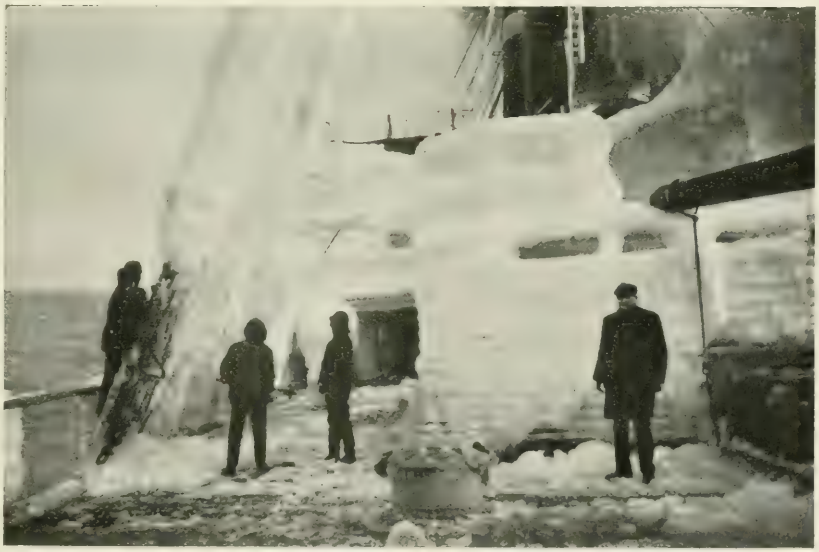
OVERSEAS

Winter in the North Atlantic.

Snapshots taken by Mr. Rudge Harding, of the British Red Cross Society, when *en route* for New York.

THIS MONTH'S PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH.

Taken on board the S.S. *Philadelphia*, of the American line. **The whole ship was covered with ice many inches thick.**



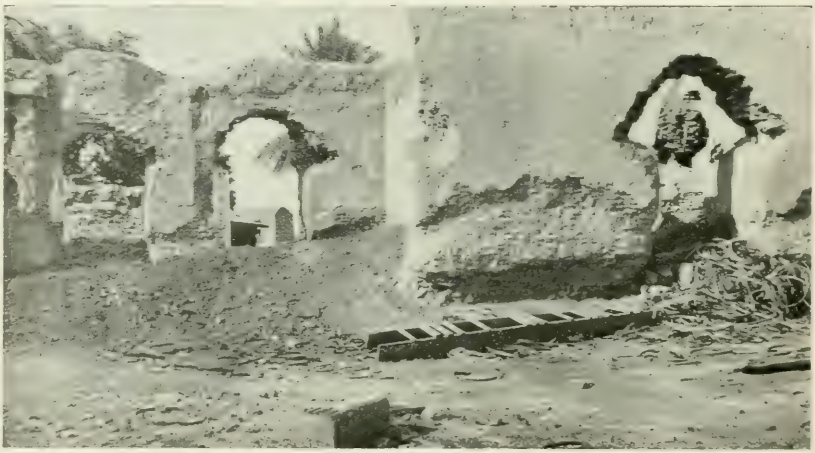
Typical North Atlantic Weather. Keeping warm under Arctic conditions.

Scenes from Mesopotamia.

Sent by Mr. W. C. Cleverley, 58, Dunedin Road, Leyton, E. 10.

A Transport Boat moored to the Wharf at Kut.

Kut before the War.



Old Ruins near Basrah.

What Overseas Brides Expect to Find

By One of Them

[Many thousands of British girls are preparing to follow their soldier husbands to new lives across the seas. What at least one of these young brides expects to find in her new surroundings is told in the following article.—Editor.]

What Overseas Brides Expect to Find

WE have got our passports—everything is settled, and in a month from now I hope to be landing on the shores of what to me will be a very new world. Of course it is an adventure—the biggest adventure which has ever come into my life—but together with feelings of excitement and of uncertainty as to how the new life will turn out, I have a proud, tranquil conviction that all we "overseas brides" will have a very wonderful part to play in the history of our Empire—not only as the mothers of a healthy race which will develop our fair lands and people our waste places, but as tradition makers and Empire builders. We will teach our children's children the glory of the British creed and never let them forget the love they owe to the little Island Home, Mother of us all.

J—— was billeted at our house ; that is how I first met him. His talk was often of the free, unconfined life "out West," of the rolling prairie, the golden seas of wheat, and the moonlight rides. He told us of the joy of combating and overcoming difficulties, which is the settler's highest reward ; of the pride of creation of all manner of devices to make life run more smoothly ; of the delight of building and improving one's homestead till it became invested with its own individuality. And, as I listened, I felt that all we civilised people, in accepting life as we found it, were missing some of the best it had to offer.

From interest in the life I became interested in its exponent ; until one day I realised that environment counted for nothing, and were he to pitch his tent in mid-Sahara, there would I be content to follow him.

Being determined to make a success of married life and realising that one cannot live on love alone, I have been most anxious to be fully prepared beforehand for the various contingencies of my new mode of life. I have compared views with several of my girl friends who are similarly placed. Some are expecting an Eldorado where one has nothing to do but dress like a dainty musical comedy milkmaid, deck the house with flowers, pick juicy apples, and take early morning gallops on bare-back thoroughbreds. But the majority of us realise that no change of latitude or longitude will eliminate life's problems and difficulties, and that we cannot expect and do not want the rest of our life to be one long picnic.

What Overseas Brides Expect to Find.

Speaking for myself, I have faced my probable future life quite fairly and have even tried to visualise conditions that are possibly harder than any I may be called upon to meet. I have imagined myself getting up early in the cold and dark, lighting the kitchen fire, getting the breakfast, on my hands and knees scrubbing the floors, washing up greasy dinner plates. I have pictured my husband off stock-buying and myself alone in the house, with my nearest neighbour perhaps several miles away. I have feared having nothing in common with the settlers around, finding them provincial, ill-educated and unduly inquisitive. I have pictured the lack of shops, theatres, concerts and all the pleasures of town life to which I have so long been accustomed. Worst of all, I have imagined the coming of our child without it being possible to give it all the care and attention I would wish. I have faced all this and more, and I am ready for it. I am even looking forward to it as a fuller, richer, more worth-while life than any I could hope for in the Old Country.

Armed with certain pet labour-saving devices, I mean to make our bungalow the prettiest, daintiest, cheeriest little home in B.C. Near the house I mean to plant some old-fashioned English flowers, so that when my wallflowers, mignonette, stock, sweet-williams and columbine bloom they will make us feel that we have taken a part of dear Old England with us and are not so very far away from you all.

As we are to have a Chinese servant I shall not have to become a slave to the house. A part of each day I hope to spend on the ranch. I have always loved being out of doors and, in that invigorating air, I shall soon learn to drive a plough or tractor, break in a horse, prune trees, rear chicks, or any other job that is needed. Then every day I have determined to do an hour's reading, so that the more cultured part of my brain will not altogether rust, and so that I can keep up a little with the world's progress.

Only of one thing am I apprehensive, and that is that his people may not like me. I am afraid his mother will find me so incompetent, for I am such an amateur beside her experience. But I am determined to learn from all my mistakes, and surely, with love and goodwill to help me, I will soon "make good."

Truly, every woman following her husband into such happy exile is to be envied. He and she are mates in the most complete meaning of the word. Together they will work to make and keep the home, together they will face the uphill times and the great joys of life. He will rely on her for comfort and sympathy to a far greater extent than a man on whom Society has claims, and thus she will always know herself necessary to his happiness. No, I would not change places with any one else in the wide world.

The Irish Riddle—A Visit to Sinn Fein Headquarters.

The Irish Riddle—A Visit to Sinn Fein Headquarters.

IT was Monday in Christmas week, and as I had a few hours at my disposal at Dublin I determined to visit the Sinn Fein Headquarters and learn from the leaders of the movement something of their aims and aspirations. The sun was shining brightly, the sky was a cloudless blue, and St. Stephen's Green was looking at its best. The keen air was delightfully invigorating and the water of the lake sparkled in the sun. The park was deserted save for a couple of wanderers, the park-keepers, and the happy family of ducks and waterfowl who were enjoying undisputed possession of their little kingdom. I walked past the artificial lake to the statue of King George II. in the centre of the park, along the deserted paths to the far side of the square. Stillness was the prevailing impression, and the memories of Easter week, 1916, seemed like a bad dream.

The Sinn Fein Headquarters are situated at 6, Harcourt Street, a fair-sized ordinary Dublin house. The ground floor is occupied by the Sinn Fein Bank, and the offices are at the back and on the first floor. As you approach the building the broken windows catch your attention and remind you of the excitement of Armistice night. I went into the general office and asked for Father O'Flanagan, the present leader of the movement, only to learn that he was absent at Roscommon. The real leaders, as my readers are aware, are under lock and key in British gaols.

Three young men were occupied in doing up parcels of comforts, destined for the Sinn Fein prisoners in England from their faithful followers. The room was untidy, but there was plenty of activity. One of the young men, seeing that I had come in search of information, left his parcels and entered into conversation. There were bundles of literature lying about, and he gave me a selection of election pamphlets.

The conversation was just becoming interesting when a young lady, with short hair, smoking a cigarette, said "Will you come up to see the Hon. Secretary?" I followed her and found myself in the first-floor office, on the mantelpiece of which was a large portrait of De Valera and a bust of Count Plunkett. From here the widespread activities of Sinn Fein are directed. In addition to the young lady there were two young men, one the Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. Boland, and the other Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, the director of organisation. Later on two or three other young men strolled in.

The first impression I derived was that of youth. The Sinn Fein movement is run by young men, and they unquestionably understand their fellow-countrymen. As a result young Ireland to-day is overwhelmingly Sinn Fein. The Secretary was a pleasant young

The Irish Riddle—A Visit to Sinn Fein Headquarters.

Irishman, intense, enthusiastic, fanatical if you will, aflame with love of his country.

For two hours we talked in the friendliest manner. I let the young enthusiast tell me about the political creed which has swept the polls and captured, anyhow for the time being, the imagination of three-quarters of Ireland. Here is the essence of Sinn Feinism. Ireland is a nation, geographically, historically, ethnologically. Ireland has nothing to say to England, her hereditary foe, whom she cordially hates. Ireland wants to run her country herself ; she has had enough of foreign domination. If the British Empire went to war to save Belgium and really stands for the self-determination of all peoples, how can it refuse to listen to the unmistakable voice of the majority of the Irish people.

Then the two leaders referred with pride to their wonderful organisation which has brought them such a sweeping victory, and stated that they proposed carrying on an active propaganda till they had converted a majority in Ulster to their doctrines. But their ramifications were world-wide, and till Great Britain listened to the voice of Ireland they would continue to ferment trouble for her. In the United States, Australia and elsewhere they would act as a constant thorn in the side of Great Britain. In America in the past the Irish vote had kept the United States and the British Empire apart ; it was the Irish vote which had prevented an Anglo-American entente or alliance. The Sinn Fein organisation would continue to keep the United States and Great Britain apart, and no real Anglo-American understanding was possible till Ireland's right to self-determination had been acknowledged.

Mr. Boland, who had taken part in the insurrections in 1916, had spent fifteen months in Portland Gaol. He said he liked many Englishmen but hated England—by England he did not mean Scotland or Wales. Many of the Sinn Fein leaders are teetotalers, they are intensely religious, they are altruistic, and prepared to give their lives to their country—Ireland.

From the Sinn Fein Headquarters I walked a couple of hundred yards to lunch with an Ulster friend of profound learning. His library is one of the best stocked I have found in any part of the British Empire. His view is that given five years Sinn Feinism will die a natural death. That what Ireland wants for the next forty or fifty years is firm government. That Dominion Home Rule for Ireland is out of the question. That there is no solution to the Irish question at the present time. That Ulster has little in common with the rest of Ireland, and her one desire is to draw closer to the United Kingdom.

Here, then, are the two extremes of Irish opinion. Was ever statesmanship confronted with a more perplexing problem ? The Great War is over and its manifold problems are in a fair

The Irish Riddle—A Visit to Sinn Fein Headquarters.

way towards solution, but the Irish problem remains the one black spot in our Imperial record. How nearly the Irish Convention came to finding a solution is not generally realised, and if it did nothing else it taught us that there is a moderate opinion in Ireland.

What are we to do? We cannot confess failure and adopt a policy of drift; that is the sure way to disaster. We all believe in the freedom on which the British Empire is based. We have seen what self-government and free institutions have accomplished in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Cannot all of us who have the real welfare of Ireland at heart aim at capturing the imagination of young Ireland—however hopeless the task may seem. Let us not call young Irishmen disloyalists who passionately love their country, but let us try and be patient. Let us demonstrate that in the British Commonwealth of Nations—which is a League of Nations already in existence—there is full scope for the intense Nationalism of Irishmen and Irishwomen. In our Empire there is room for two patriotisms, and therein lies its glory. The patriotism to Ireland or Scotland or Australia, as the case may be, and the wider patriotism to the Empire as a whole.

Let us explain to Irishmen once for all we do not expect them to be loyal to England. That our conception of Empire is a group of partners or sister nations, in which no country will predominate, where all are needed. Ireland has a great contribution to make to the common cause of humanity; we want her imagination, her enthusiasm, her idealism.

Cannot we give her the fullest measure of Dominion Home Rule at the earliest possible moment? The old repressive policy has failed. Cannot we persuade Irishmen that there are thousands of Englishmen who—in spite of the wild talk of Sinn Fein—love her dearly and whose only desire is to welcome her as a partner in the true sense—an Ireland rich, prosperous and contented?

Cannot we help Ireland to build up her industries, to develop her water power, to open up her mines, to construct great ports and harbours, and by our actions show that any thoughts of English domination are gone for ever? The best business brains of the British Empire should be loaned to Ireland in this period of reconstruction. Let us concentrate on the economic aspect of Ireland's future. Let us pay back the wild words of hate of Sinn Fein in practical acts of kindness and brotherhood. Let us forget the past mistakes on both sides. Loving our own country as we do, we can understand the Irishman's passionate love of his beautiful island. If only we could approach the Irish problem from this standpoint, even the citadel of Sinn Feinism could not long withstand our onslaught.

E. W.

Camp Life in the Chubut Territory

By H. J. Elbourne

[The following interesting account of a visit to a friend's cattle ranch in the Chubut Territory in 1904 is sent us by Mr. H. J. Elbourne, our H.C.S. at Rio Gallegos, Argentine. We hope other Members will send us accounts of their experiences in different parts of the world.—Editor.]

Camp Life in the Chubut Territory.

"YFFRYN EGLWYS" is the name of the valley where Randal keeps the cattle and is situated about thirty-six miles from Cilsant. Its meaning in Welsh is Church Valley.

We (Randal and the writer) started on our journey to visit it at mid-day from Cilsant, driving two horses loose and one pack horse with bedding, etc. We made several calls on the way and had tea with a Yankee miner who is cutting a tunnel underneath the rock to supply water to the ditch. He had a real miner's shanty, just a small tent to sleep in and a bower of logs and branches to make a shelter from the sun where he could cook his food. We had refreshments with him and left at sunset, having to cover twelve miles before we were likely to see another human being.

The country became very rough, enormous masses of rock, sometimes red, sometimes green, rising out of the valley. It was a grand moonlight evening and we had to pass through a ravine, called Canadon, nine miles long. Rocks hundreds of feet high and sometimes quite perpendicular were on each side and the ravine presented quite a weird appearance by moonlight. Several times it looked as if we were hemmed in by rocks, the exit being so narrow. The road was very good as regards surface, but frequently dipped down several feet, having to cross a waterway. The ravine was covered with the usual kind of low bushes. After passing this we had to traverse a league of extremely rough country, the horses frequently having to pick their way through lumps of rock and over heaps of broken and loose rock. Presently we came close to the shanty of a native Argentine, made of long Esk grass (the shanty I mean, of course) on a rough framework. Our approach was announced by a chorus of barking from half a dozen species of the canine race. It was about 7.30, but nevertheless the occupants were asleep, or rather we judged so, as no one came out.

We pressed on and eventually came to Randal's shanty. We could see no light, so were doubtful whether his men were there; however, we found three, who had been sitting round the fire drinking "mate." Mate is the name given to the smoked and

pounded leaves and small branches of a tree grown in Brazil. The drink is made by pouring hot water (not boiling nor having been boiled) on this powdered mate and sucking the liquid through a tube, usually of silver. It has rather a bitter taste but, nevertheless, is very nice when once one gets used to it—anyway, I think so. It is a very common custom, and is partaken of at all times of the day, from first thing in the morning until last thing at night. The drink is passed round to each in turn, and it is almost an insult to refuse to partake of it at least once, and perhaps the company may consist of Indian, Argentine, etc. It would be looked on as extremely rude to attempt to clean the tube before you drink, no matter who the last one who used it may have been. It is generally supposed to possess medicinal qualities and is an antidote to indigestion.

Camp Life in the Chubut Territory.

The shanty consisted of two rooms built square, the bedroom occupying one quarter, and the outer room three quarters of the space. The walls were made of logs lashed together and mud plastered between. The roof thatched and the beams made of tree trunks not barked. The inside was decorated by pictures of all sorts stuck on the wall in profusion. The furniture consisted of a table and two benches. The seat of honour was by the side of fireplace, and was made of six large mud blocks packed up and covered with a sheepskin which was detachable—why, you will see later on. To this seat I was conducted on entering, after the peon or male servant had ungeared the horses. The illumination was that of a "Camp" candle, made by twisting together two pieces of rag and burning them in fat. It made a good deal of smoke, but that did not matter as there were plenty of apertures for its exit. In fact the window was simply a hole, with no glass whatever, one of its chief uses being for the cat to pass to and fro when the door was shut. The known live-stock consisted of two dogs, three puppies, one pig, one cat and four kittens.

We were naturally very hungry so partook of soup, meat, etc., which was cooked splendidly. After we had had our suppers the others had theirs, but they did not put their soup-plates on the table, preferring to sit in front of the fire and to use the ground as a table. The fellows went outside to sleep, and after we had enjoyed a chat we prepared to go to bed. We decided not to sleep in the bedroom proper as it had not been swept out for some weeks, and it was known to be a refuge of well-known and capable nocturnal disturbers. We decided therefore to make our beds in the outer room. My total ignorance of camp life rendered it necessary that Randal should make the bed for me, so I watched him. First of all he gathered all the sheepskins together, and even took the one which covered the seat I was on, hence the necessity of it being detachable. He divided them between us and placed them one on

Camp Life in the Chubut Territory.

the other to make as soft a bed as possible. Then came a fur rug, made of the skins of young guanacos, sewn together by ostrich sinews by the Indians ; this was for me to wrap round myself. My rug on top of this was thought to be sufficient. We soon got into the beds and were quickly asleep—at least, I was.

I woke before daybreak and I can assure you it was quite a sight to the tenderfoot to see the moon shine through dozens of chinks in the walls. However, I slept splendidly and did not feel any discomfort from such a bed. I got up at 6.30 and found it was a beautiful morning. I passed time by fishing, and caught one very nice fish about 1½ lbs. I was mystified by being told that we should have an "Asado" for dinner. The side of a sheep was threaded on to a long iron stick. This was roasted over the fire and, after about two hours, I was informed dinner was ready. The cook took the meat from the front of the fire and drove the iron into the ground. By the bye, I should tell you that each man on the camp usually carries a long knife in his belt, the blade being about nine inches long and about two inches wide at the handle and tapering down to a point. This is the instrument with which they fight, cut wood and tobacco, pick their teeth, and not least important, cut their meat when feeding. Plates are not thought a necessity out on the camp but, nevertheless, I was provided with one. The others cut off two or three ribs with their knives and, taking their meat in their hands, commenced to eat. When they had got sufficient into their mouths they passed the knife across the meat to cut it, but so close to their mouths that I was fearful lest they should cut their noses. When they had had enough—and I can vouchsafe that it took a good deal to satisfy them—the rag was passed round for them to wipe off the grease from their hands.

I ate mine, on this occasion, in what you would say was the correct manner, but, as I believe in that saying, "When in Rome do as Rome does," I afterwards dispensed with fork and plate, and found that my appetite was in no wise decreased by using the fork of Nature's own providing. We had a cup of tea after this, with some bread and butter and fruit. We took some bread with us from Cilsant, but when this had gone we had to make some Camp bread called "Tortas fritas," which is dough well kneaded and then made like a large biscuit and boiled in fat until quite brown. They are very nice.

Randal, intending to build a proper house for himself, was busy making bricks of mud. I endeavoured to help him and was able to make a few bricks before I returned.

One night I happened to go out after the peons had gone to sleep and was rather amused to see that one of them had got several sleeping companions, namely, the pig one side and two puppies on the other, and they all looked extremely comfortable.

OVERSEAS

Before the Storm.

Two Photographs from Victoria, Australia. Sent by Mr. H. C. Jackson, Bates Street, E. Malvern, Melbourne.

A Heavy Thunder Cloud about to break over Port Phillip Bay, the Harbour of Melbourne.

Dead Trees Reflected in the Golburn River, Victoria.

OVERSEAS

Storm and Calm.

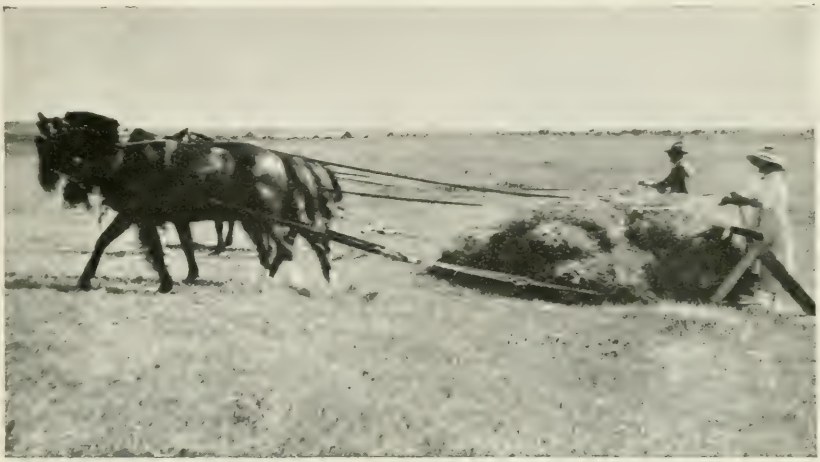
Nature in an Angry and a Peaceful Mood.

A Storm at Webb. The camera gives an excellent picture. Sent by Mr. Ivan Austin, Webb, Sask.

The Lover's Leap, Grenada—the name given to a cliff where an unhappy lover jumped to meet his death. Grenada is famed for its nutmeg and cocoa-nuts. Sent by Miss N. Laborde, S. Michael, Barbadoes, B.W.I.

Haymaking in Alberta.

Sent by Mrs. Hooley, Millarville, Alta, Canada.



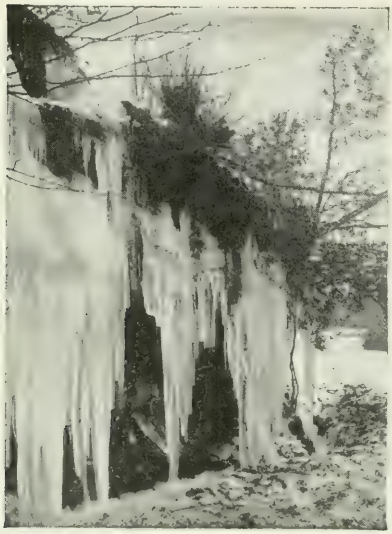
A "Hay Sweep" in Action. This method of stacking is largely used in Western Canada.

An Empty "Hay Sweep" When full it should hold about one ton.

OVERSEAS

A Far Cry

From the Frozen Snow Huts of the Eskimos to the Tropic Markets of the Siamese.



Icicles hanging from Rocks "Somewhere in England." Sent by Mr. W. J. Young, Felbridge, East Grinstead, Surrey.

An Eskimo entering his Igloo. Sent by Mr. B. H. Snape, Moose Factory, James Bay, Ontario.

A Canal near Bangkok—Klong Bang Luang, the scene of a Fruit Market. Sent by Mr. J. Mackay, Bangkok, Siam. Mr. Mackay is now at Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A.

Camp Life in the Chubut Territory.

Whilst we were there, Randal had a number of animals (cattle) branded. The cattle in this part of the country are distinguishable by a mark burnt on the right side and also a mark on the ears called a "senal," made by notches of various shapes. The fun is caused by the racing after the calves, lassoing them and then "pealaring" them, that is, throwing the lasso so as to catch their two forefeet and thus throw them down. I was an onlooker, but kept as near as I dare. The calves naturally get very angry at this treatment, and when they are let loose sometimes try to horn those who are on foot. To prevent this one of the men usually hangs on to the tail and, when he lets go, the animal bolts back to the herd. Some of them give a lot of trouble and cause a good deal of excitement as they chase the men who are on the horses. This job necessitates good courage, pluck and presence of mind, as there is always the risk of the lasso breaking.

I may say that Randal's shanty is the only one round the camp that can boast of two rooms and a table. It may appear rough to my reader, but it is nevertheless a very pleasant way of living as one can fling conventionalism to the winds and do just what one likes. The incidents I have endeavoured to narrate are everyday occurrences in Camp life, and I trust my readers will enjoy the reading of this as much as I enjoyed the trip.

HERBERT J. ELBOURNE.

[*Have all your friends seen "Overseas"?*]

Feeding the Pigs. Taken on Lady FitzGerald's Home Farm, in Berkshire, a Training Centre for the W.N.L.S. Corps. Sent by Miss B. Sissons, N. Ferriby, East Yorks.

By the Assistant Editor.

"Overseas" Editorial Rooms,
London.

News from Headquarters.

THIS MONTH'S ISSUE.—In this month's issue certain problems and aspects of life in Arabia, the Chubut Territory, South Africa, and Ireland are dealt with, while the chief events of the month are reviewed and illustrated in Mr. Wrench's Monthly Letter. The enlightened Arabian leader, Sherif Feisal, is the subject of an article by Colonel T. E. Lawrence, the "English Arab," the only foreign subject who has ever become an Emir in the Arabian Army. Our H.C.S. at Rio Gallegos, Mr. H. J. Elbourne, gives a vivid pen-picture of life on a cattle ranch in the Chubut Territory in 1904, while Mr. H. P. Evans describes a night he spent on the veldt in the Transvaal shortly after the news of the Armistice had come through.

A recent visit paid to the Sinn Fein Headquarters in Dublin is described by Mr. Wrench, who feels that the only possible solution of the Irish problem would be to allow full scope for Irish Nationalism within the British Commonwealth of Nations, while approaching the "citadel of Sinn Feinism" in a spirit of true brotherhood and practical kindness. Mr. T. Mawson, the well-known architect and town planning expert, describes his vision of London thirty years hence, and, being such a practical idealist, we have the satisfaction of feeling that his castles in the air have a very good chance of materialising. Character sketches of eleven of the British delegates to the Peace Conference are given under the heading of "Men who are re-drawing the Map of Europe." Mr. La Tourette Briggs, the American expert on aviation, contributes an appreciation of British airmen, their machines and their accomplishments during the War. And a prospective bride about to sail to Canada gives a very human account of what she expects to find in her new life.

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THE BEST WAY.—We are specially anxious to make our "Best Way" section of very great value to homemakers in every part of the world. We all of us would like to live at the highest rate of comfort with the least waste of time. So often one hears a woman say, "Why, if only I'd known that, I'd have saved myself hours of drudgery." Every woman who is running a house, bringing up

children, making her own clothes, etc., evolves her own short cuts and patent methods of doing things. The same applies to a man who is gardening, carpentering, poultry-keeping, etc. Will you not pass along your discoveries to your fellow Members? For every "Best Way" tip that we publish, the sender may nominate a friend to receive "Overseas" for six months free of charge. If you enjoy reading our little Magazine you may be sure that your friends will do so too, and here is a simple method of making them a present of six of its issues. Please think the matter over, and remember that no hint is too simple to send in, for what may seem to you as well known as A.B.C. may never have been heard of by Members differently situated. Anyhow, the final decision rests with our Housekeeping Department.

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WRITE TO ADVERTISERS.—You will notice that "Overseas" carries a goodly show of advertisements, and if you stop to think for a moment you will realise how impossible it would be from a financial standpoint to improve and develop our Magazine each month were it not for our advertisers' support. Good friends as they are to the Club, they naturally must view the desirability of continuing their connection from a business standpoint. Will all our Members make a point of writing to the firms whose announcements appear in our columns when they wish to order goods from the Old Country, and will they mention "Overseas" when writing? We can assure them that only high-class and reliable firms are represented.

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CURIOUS PROFESSIONS.—When one is growing up one usually has a firm intention of becoming, say, an engine-driver or a soldier or a nurse or a member of some other recognised calling, but how very few of us ever carry out our original intentions. It is extraordinary what a lot of paths one can choose in this world. The "tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich-man, poor-man, apothecary, ploughboy, thief" list with which we counted our plum stones in the nursery is hopelessly inadequate to-day. Looking through a batch of application forms the other day, I was struck with the diversity of occupations in which our Members are engaged. It would be interesting to find out which of all our widely scattered Members is following the most curious profession. So far, perhaps, the most romantic—in sound at least—of callings I have noticed is that of orchid collector, the profession of Mr. Cyril Allen, of Barranquilla, Colombia, though another of our Members, who collects the hardy alpine plants in Eastern Thibet, must have an interesting time. What do you think is the most curious profession of which you have heard?

News from Headquarters.

ABOUT OURSELVES.—Just a word about "Overseas." The wants of a growing magazine are as multifarious and as insistent as that of a healthy child. What are you personally going to do this year to supply them? They may be divided into three principal classes: (1) Increasing circulation; (2) contributions; (3) illustrations. To get new readers for "Overseas" lies in every one's power, and as we know with what pride our Members are helping to make our little Magazine universally known, we need not labour this point, but only say let us redouble our efforts this year.

As for contributions, no Member should salve his conscience in the matter by saying, "I can't write!" Without having a gifted pen, it is possible for each one of us to help to make "Overseas" as many-sided and catholic in interest as we would wish. A joke (not a chestnut!) is always welcome. If you know a good story, send it along; a curious piece of information; a "best way" tip; accounts of farming improvements, scientific discoveries, trade opportunities; a description of your daily life and surroundings—the list might be extended indefinitely—all are welcome. We do not say it will be possible to publish everything received, but we do love suffering from an *embarras de richesse*, and the more we can include Members' contributions the better pleased we are. Only, please do not let the paper shortage serve as an excuse to write on both sides of the paper!

The third need of our Magazine is perhaps the most urgent. If you have not a camera yourself, you probably have a friend who has. Wherever you go, and whatever photos you take, please send us along a print. As you know, there is a monthly photographic prize, but it is rather in the spirit of joint-editors than as competitors that we appeal to you to send us your snapshots, so that every part of the world may be illustrated in our pages.

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SIR MAURICE DE BUNSEN.—Sir Maurice de Bunsen came to Headquarters one day in January and gave a most interesting account of his recent mission to South America. The chief impression one took away from the lecture was the friendliness of the South American peoples towards the British Empire and the necessity for a greater knowledge and sympathy to be extended to them from our side.

Starting from Rio de Janeiro, Sir Maurice travelled overland to Uruguay, across to Chile, then up through Peru to Ecuador, and so to Colombia and Venezuela. From there he crossed to Cuba and was much impressed with the town of Habana. The very cordial welcome which greeted the mission wherever it went is a tribute not only to the British Empire, but to Sir Maurice personally as the most popular delegate the Foreign Office could have chosen.

News from Head-quarters.

O.S. CLUB COLOURS.—Mr. H. G. Murray, "Erin Farm," Middelburg, C.P., sends us an interesting letter, suggesting the issue of ties and hatbands and scarves for Members' use. He suggests that each particular State might have its own colour, keeping, however, to one central idea, so that the colours would always be unmistakably O.S. As a matter of fact, this very idea was discussed at the first public meeting of the Over-Seas Club held in Farringdon Hall in June, 1911, but it was felt that the time had not then come for launching the idea. How does it appeal to our Members? And do they think there would be sufficient demand to justify us in incurring the expense involved?

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LINKING UP OF BRANCHES.—We feel very strongly at Headquarters that the time has come when each recognised centre of the Over-Seas Club should be in touch with at least one other for the purpose of exchanging ideas and local information, and cementing friendly relations. We have had several suggestions as to the best way of putting this matter into practice. One suggestion is that each Branch should link up with the one nearest to it, so that exchange of personal visits might be arranged; another coming from Santa Barbara is that Branches beginning with the same letter of the alphabet should get into touch with one another. Capt. O. R. Brush, of Montreux, is anxious for a League of Branches to be formed to assist British trade and traders. The idea is excellent, and such a League, especially among Branches in foreign countries, could do invaluable work. Will each Branch Committee discuss the matter and let us know what they think about its feasibility?

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Mr. F. W. HAYNE.—We were all delighted to see Mr. F. W. Hayne's name in the New Year's Honours' List and congratulate him on being appointed an Officer of the Order of the British Empire. This public recognition of his work fittingly coincides with his temporary resignation of the Chairmanship of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League owing to his pending departure for South America, where he expects to stay several months. Ever since the amalgamation in March of last year, when he became Chairman of the Joint Society, Mr. Hayne has devoted himself unsparingly and selflessly to its cause, while his previous work in founding the Patriotic League of Britons Overseas is too well known to need any comment. Our very best wishes go with him on his mission, and we hope for his speedy return.

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OUR CONGRATULATIONS to Lieut.-Colonel G. McLaren Brown, European Manager of the C.P.R. and a Member of the Central Committee, who has been created a Knight of the Order of the

News from Headquarters.

British Empire ; to Mr. Ashley Sparks, Chairman of the Ministry of Shipping in the U.S.A. and Chairman of the New York Branch of the League, who has been similarly honoured; to Mr. A. E. Da Costa, J.P., made a Member of the Order of the British Empire in recognition of his splendid patriotic work during the War.

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OUR ACTING SECRETARY.—In a few weeks' time Mr. F. R. Jones will be starting on his journey to Canada, where, as a Special Commissioner from London Headquarters, he hopes to visit all O.S. centres and stir up enthusiasm in places where our membership is small. In Mr. Wrench's absence Mr. Jones has been Acting Secretary of the Club for the last eighteen months. Never sparing himself any trouble, and always ready to listen to the needs of Members or staff, we know his absence will be felt by all. We feel sure our Members in Canada will give him a warm and helpful welcome and co-operate to make his mission a splendid success. We at Headquarters will follow him on his tour with the deepest interest, and would like to take this opportunity of wishing him the best of good luck throughout it. There are great possibilities before our movement in Canada, and Mr. Jones will know how to make the most of them. Mr. Jones has just been made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, a well-deserved honour.

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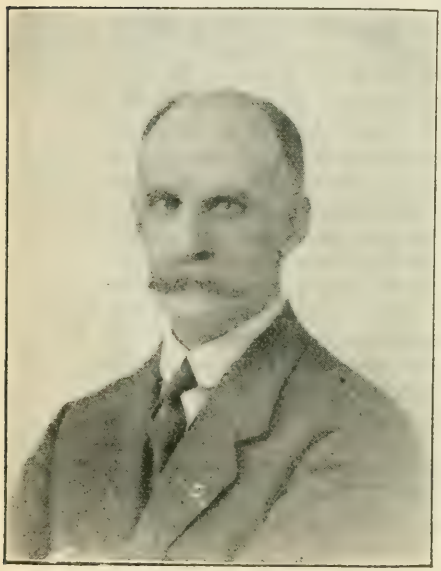
STAFF SOCIAL.—We had a very enjoyable New Year Fancy Dress Social the other day, to which all the Members of the Headquarters Staff came in the disguise which unwonted costume affords, Pierrots and pierrettes, shepherdesses and court ladies. Eastern women, fortune-tellers, a smart special constable, a chocolate-coloured and tomahawked squaw, "Overseas," and an O.S. waiter, to mention only a few, made a gay and varied throng. Dancing, music and recitations formed the main programme, though breathless musical chairs and ever-popular General Post must not be forgotten. Lady des Vœux gave away the prizes, which, originally four in number, swelled to eight before the end of the evening. The Social formed a good oppor-



Mr. F. R. Jones, F.R.G.S.

tunity for the staff to wish God-speed to Mr. Jones before his departure for Canada. Mr. Player and Mr. Deverill, both in khaki, and the latter just back from the Rhine, were present, and we hope before long they will be able to be with us again permanently.

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LIFE MEMBERS.—Each month our list of Life Members swells in size, and it is really wonderful to see from what different parts of the world these Members hail. An analysed list I have before me for last month shows the following : From the British Islands (10), the Western Front (3), Greece (1), Spain (2), U.S.A. (3), Mexico (1), South America (12), Falkland Islands (1), South Africa (7), the Azores (1), Canary Islands (1), Ceylon (1), China (6), Dutch East Indies (1), India (3), Philippine Islands (Manila) (37), Australia (10), New Zealand (7), and the Friendly Islands (1). Thus it will be seen that Manila, Philippine Isles, led the way last month. It is always specially satisfactory to us at Headquarters when a man or woman joins as a Life Member, we feel he so fully understands and appreciates the Club's aims, and, of course, it simplifies our work considerably when we have no renewals to collect, etc. We would like to specially welcome Miss O. I. Ward, a very good friend of the Club, who joined us in Ottawa in 1912, and who has just become a Life Member. Other new Life Members include Sir I. Wrench Towse ; Sir C. Campbell McLeod ; Lieut. W. J. Hawkings, of the Chinese Labour Corps, who is well on his way to having got us fifty new Members ; Mr. G. W. Hayes, Consul at St. Michael's, Azores ; Mr. and Mrs. Alma Baker, of Sydney ; and Mr. H. V. Cobb, C.S.I., C.I.E., Resident of Bangalore, India.

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LINKING UP WITH H.C.S.'s.—As you know, we have some 1,000 men and women in various parts of the world who act as Honorary Corresponding Secretaries to the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League. We owe a great debt to our H.C.S.'s for their untiring efforts on our behalf. They send renewal subscriptions, enrol fresh Members, seek to establish Branches, send local information to Headquarters, and welcome new Members coming to their district. Very often an H.C.S. finds it almost impossible to get into touch with all the Members in his locality. He is perhaps a very busy man or the Members are scattered over a wide area. In any case, for one man to get into touch with, say, thirty different people is a more arduous task than for each of the thirty to make a point of getting in touch with the H.C.S. to talk over Club matters and to suggest a plan of campaign to strengthen the Society locally. Will each reader of the paragraph make a point of calling on the nearest Club representative, and if he or she finds that there is no H.C.S. in the district, write to Headquarters about it ?

OVERSEAS

News from Headquarters.

WEST INDIAN COMMITTEE.—We have just received the half-yearly report of the West Indian Contingent Committee, which makes excellent reading. While space will not allow us to comment on the Committee's various activities, we would like to take this opportunity of warmly congratulating the Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. Aspinall, C.M.G., and all his indefatigable helpers. Mr. Aspinall is a very energetic Member of our own Central Committee.

ATHENS (Greece), 125 Members.—The Athens Branch is determined to become a very flourishing centre in Greece, and we shall watch the results with interest. Their appeal to the Consuls and Vice-Consuls in Greece has borne good fruit in some quarters, and we hope soon to hear of further successes. They are also taking up our War Memorial Fund very warmly and encouraging the use of War Memorial stamps among their Members, having recently sent for 200 booklets. Sec., Mr. J. H. E. Walter.

LIVERPOOL (England).—The Liverpool Branch is consolidating its membership and launching out on the social side to entertain soldiers and nurses stationed there. The Liverpool Branch proudly claims the youngest Member of the Club in its ranks. The other day Miss Gertrude Turnley, the energetic Hon. Sec. of the Branch, enrolled the little son of Mr. H. Fox, 85, Wellington Road, New Brighton, at the immature age of 2½ hours ! It was not possible to fill in his membership form in full at the time, as the new Member had no Christian name ! Certainly it will be hard to beat this record, but it may yet be done.

GERMISTON (Transvaal).—Though suffering, as have all our South African Branches, from the ravages of flu', Germiston has yet done excellent work during the past half-year. The lists of Members they send in is proof alone of the vitality of the Branch, while their donations, sometines sent direct, and sometimes through the medium of the Transvaal Council of the O.S. Club, have been most generous. Sec., Mr. W. St. Quentin. Treas., Mr. H. L. Tonkin.

BUENOS AIRES.—Mrs. C. K. Morris, our H.C.S. at Buenos Aires, continues her splendid work on behalf of the Club. There are few South American mails which do not bring with them some letter from her enclosing the names of new Members or renewals, while she may be said to have made a corner in Life Members. The Central Committee would like to take this opportunity of publicly thanking Mr. and Mrs. Morris for their work on behalf of the Club.

GIBRALTAR.—Our energetic H.C.S., Mr. W. Hoare, sends us an interesting account of how the local Overseasers looked after the comfort of many of the crew of the ill-fated H.M.S. *Britannia*, providing them with cigarettes and oranges and, during their stay in hospital, sending them stewed fruits, custard, cakes and brown bread and butter for tea and fish cakes and meat pies for supper. In this connection we should like to thank Messrs. S. M. Benady and E. Jones and Mesdames Hoare, Littlewood, Bridges, and Lardeaux, while a large number of provision merchants most generously contributed in kind. Gibraltar has already subscribed £22 3s. to the War Memorial by means of a street collection. This sum was sent in per Mr. J. Bado, and in a previous issue was inadvertently credited as a personal donation.

NEW YORK.—215 Members. The New York Branch (League) has collected $65,837,96 since its inception, and in very many ways has accomplished excellent work. Recently it has specially concentrated its efforts on looking after the welfare of the dependants of British subjects who left the States to fight for the Motherland.

OVERSEAS

Contrasts from B C.

The solitary Grandeur of untamed Nature and the friendly Peacefulness of the Settler's Homestead.

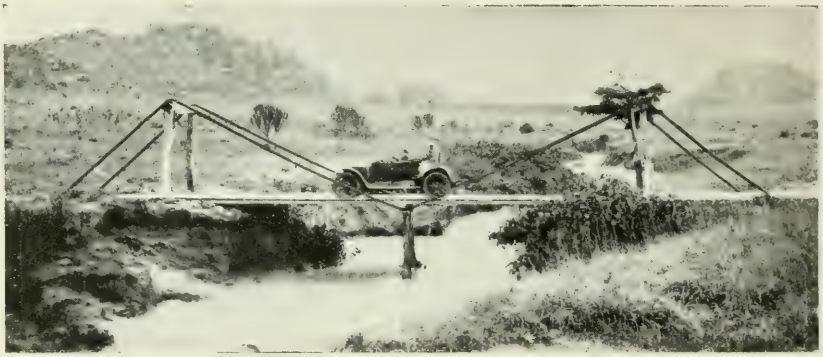
A corner of Mr. T. R. Hardiman's place in Canford, Nicola Valley, B.C., showing a few imported milch goats and turkeys. Mr. Hardiman is on the left.

A Cairn on the summit of Mount Field, Field, B.C Sent by Mr. R. B. Rushworth, *The Herald*, Calgary, Alberta.

OVERSEAS

From Northern Nigeria.

Sent by Mr. James P. Best, Ropp Tin, Ltd., P.O. Jos, N. Nigeria.



Bridge over Nigel River. A Ropp Car crossing it

"Our First Crop of Beans." Mr. Best is on the left and the Badge may be faintly seen.

Tests of Endurance for Fulani Youths. See Overseas Forum, p. 84.

OVERSEAS

News from Headquarters.

Mr. M. Rittenberg, who runs the Executive Office of our Tobacco Fund in New York, and Mrs. Rittenberg, who as Miss D. Minter used to be on the Headquarters Staff, are both carrying on an excellent membership campaign, and the other day we received a cable from them promising $1,000 for the War Memorial from the Members of New York Branch of the Over-Seas Club.

TRANSVAAL COUNCIL.—The Overseas Day street collection was a tremendous success. As a result a cheque for £2,783 6s. 11d. was sent to the South African Gifts and Comforts Organisation towards the cost of parcels for South African prisoners of war. Mr. A. E. Thiselton, Chairman of the Johannesburg Branch, is much to be congratulated on this achievement. The collections were as follows : Johannesburg Branch, £785 ; Benoni, £68 ; Boksburg, £100 ; Brakpan and District, £25 ; Germiston, £67 ; Pretoria, £192 ; Springs, £37. In addition an entrée dish presented by Mr. J. C. Burchmore sold for twenty guineas ; a beautiful polished diamond presented by Mr. Ross Frames, Chairman of the Premier Diamond Mining Co., auctioned for £1,259, and a dear little Shetland pony presented by little Miss Paddy Coleman, the six-year-old daughter of Mr. T. J. Coleman, realised £270, the winner, Mr. J. H. Goodrich, most generously returning it for re-auction. So many people helped to make Overseas Day a success that it is impossible to refer to them all, but mention should be made of Mr. G. D. Sowter, Hon. Secretary of the Special Collection Committee, Mrs. Sowter, who undertook to write letters of thanks to every helper—a no light task in this case—and Mr. Wm. Dickson, Hon. Secretary of the Transvaal Council.

CHAIRMAN.—At the last meeting of the Central Council of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League, Mr. Wrench was elected Chairman by an overwhelming majority.

DANCE.—The Dance for Dominion Soldiers at the Caxton Hall on the 23rd was a great success. Miss Wrench and Mrs. Hayne were the hostesses ; Mr. W. Davies and Mr. E. Rice the M.C.'s, while a number of Wayfarers helped to make the evening a success by supplying introductions, etc. Messrs. Buszards provided excellent refreshments on a pre-War scale, and every one waltzed and fox-trotted with merry hearts. The hall, which has a splendid floor, was gaily decorated with palms and flowers, while a 5-yd. O.S. flag made a fitting centre of the flags of the Dominions, with which the gallery was hung. A sailor there told Miss Wrench he had danced in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, but he had never enjoyed a dance so much before ! The entire lack of formality and the co-operation of the Members to see that every one was happy was the secret of the success of the evening. And it was gratifying to hear of the number of men who, at the end of the evening, like Oliver Twist, came begging for more.

OBITUARY.—This month, with very much sympathy and regret, we report the death of the following Members : Mr. J. Shelley, Tananarivo, Madagascar ; Mr. John Pakoti, Aitutaki, Cook Islands ; Mr. Daniel Gallagher, Penhalonga, Rhodesia, South Africa ; Mr. Avelino Cassano, Gibraltar ; Mr. G. M. Robinson, Portalegre, Portugal ; Mr. J. S. Crow, Melbourne, Australia ; Dr. J. H. Lowe, Haileybury, Ont., Canada ; Messrs. A. Lambert, A. Watt and K. McCaskill, Members of the Punta Arenas Branch, Chile; Mr. A. M. Simpson, Parkside, South Australia; Mr. J. F. Glossop, an energetic H.C.S. at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, S. America ; S. S. Begbie, Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia ; Mrs. Pearce, Marmora, Ont., Canada ; Mr. R. Sale Bruère, Delhi, India ; Mr. P. P. Kelly, of Sydney, Australia (killed in action), and Mr. J. S. Weeks, another H.C.S., who died of cancer at Entre Rios, Argentine.

HERTHA CHESSHIRE.

Lord Northcliffe's Gift to Overseas War Memorial

Lord Northcliffe's Gift to Overseas War Memorial.

THIS month it is with great pleasure that we are able to record the promise of a gift of £1,000 from Lord Northcliffe, to whose constant generosity and kindly interest in our welfare the Over-Seas Club owes so much. The first instalment of £250 of our President's gift is announced in our monthly list of donations.

The Members of the Over-Seas Club in all parts of the world can never forget Lord Northcliffe's helping hand. He believed in our mission from the commencement. Since its inception he has given us donations amounting to nearly £5,000, in addition to which he has generously placed at our disposal many hundreds of columns in the overseas edition of the *Daily Mail* and the *Times Weekly*. It is not too much to say that without Lord Northcliffe's help the Over-Seas Club could never have been founded. It is therefore with peculiar pleasure that, on behalf of our world-wide Membership, we ask him to accept our most grateful thanks and this slight tribute.

The interest being shown in the Overseas War Memorial is increasing to a marked degree, and the past four weeks, in addition to bringing us a large number of contributions, have brought many promises of active help. Our Mail Bag is a very large one, and it is only possible to give extracts from a few of the many letters we have received. Extracts follow here :—

Viscount Northcliffe.

FAR FROM EUROPEAN COMPANY.—"I shall gladly do what I can to secure subscriptions from friends, but I must mention that being kept by my work in camp, far away from European company and also very busy, I cannot hope to give as much help as I should like in the immediate future."—Sir Aurel Stein, K.C.I.E., Camp P.O., Srinagar, Kashmir, India.

RESIDENTIAL CLUB WANTED.—"The War Memorial has my thorough sympathy and I have pleasure in enclosing my cheque as a contribution. I suggested some years ago that the Over-Seas Club should be a residential one, so that Overseas Britons when visiting London should be able to make it a home."—E. J. Wigg, British Consulate, Rio Grande, Brazil, South America.

Lord Northcliffe's Gift to Overseas War Memorial.

OUR OWN HOME—OUR VERY OWN.—"This Memorial seems to be slow in moving, but of course you will not be discouraged. Do you not think that you might lay more stress upon the necessity and usefulness of a permanent building belonging to us overseas people, our very own, our own house and bit of ground. A rented place never feels the same as a freehold. A little tree in a flower-pot is all right, but once it is planted out in the place destined to receive it you know it will not be shifted from that spot and there it will continue to grow. The Club is now in the flower-pot stage. We shall be planted out when we attain to the Memorial Building. Then we may hope to grow and flourish. My point is that you cannot expect a tree to grow to any size while still in pot. It only becomes really useful when planted out. So what the Club has already done is nothing to what it will be able to accomplish once we have settled home in the heart of London."—Seymour H. C. Hawtrey, Yuty Timber Co., Yuty, Paraguay, S. America.

FROM ANGLO-CONTINENTAL MINES, NIGERIA.—"I am forwarding you a cheque for the sum of £10, included in which is £6 3s. subscription to the War Memorial Fund by the staff. With every good wish for the success of the Overseas Memorial Building."—W. G. Tyson, Anglo-Continental Mines Co., Ltd., Naraguta, N. Nigeria.

"APPEALS TO ME VERY STRONGLY."—"As a Briton the Overseas War Memorial appeals to me very strongly, and I beg to assure you that I shall do all that I can for so splendid an object. At present I am the only Britisher in this part and my opportunities are slight, but my services will be given wholeheartedly."—D. Lloyd-Jones, North Jay, Maine, U.S.A.

ENGLISHMEN LIVING IN FRANCE.—"When the unfair regulations of the Stock Exchange are modified I shall send you a small contribution to the Memorial Fund. It is curious that Englishmen living in France are not allowed same freedom as the Treasury accords to Frenchmen, and I hope we shall see something done for us before long."—A. Bendall, Montmoreau, Charente, France.

EIGHT THANK-OFFERING FORMS.—"Please send me eight thank-offering forms for the Overseas War Memorial."—Mrs. K. L. Tuker, Butts Green, Sandon, near Chelmsford, Essex.

IN PEACE AND WAR.—"I hope the £150,000 for the Overseas War Memorial will soon be accumulated and that the Club will flourish in peace as in war."—R. A. Waite, c/o Australian Bank of Commerce, George Street, Sydney, N. S. Wales, Australia.

FROM NICARAGUA.—"The balance of cheque kindly place to the War Memorial Fund. With best wishes for the success of the War Memorial Building."—C. Overend, Leon, Nicaragua, Central America.

IN MEMORIAM.—"As a thank-offering for the great victories vouchsafed to the British and Allied arms during the past four months and for the withdrawal of Bulgaria, Turkey, Austria and Germany from the War, I have pleasure in enclosing £20 towards the Overseas War Memorial as my tribute to our splendid men who have made the supreme sacrifice. I desire my gift to be recorded as in memory of my beloved son."—Mrs. A. R. Douglas-Hamilton, Broadlands, Broadstairs, Kent.

ALWAYS USES WAR MEMORIAL STAMPS.—"5s. 6d. is for 110 Memorial Stamps, as I always seal my letters with them now, and send them all over the world. The Over-Seas Club and Magazine is a great joy to me."—Nurse Maud Tucker, Hareston, Taunton, Somerset.

A WEEKLY SUBSCRIPTION.—"I enclose cheque towards the Over-

Lord Northcliffe's Gift to Overseas War Memorial.

seas War Memorial. I wish it could be more. It is like a drop in the ocean, but I will start a subscription of 1s. a week, and will forward it monthly or every three months. The War Memorial is a most inspiring idea, and as every little contribution helps towards it, I am very glad to be able to take a humble part in it."—Mrs. E. M. Hudson, 7, Elm Grove, Berkhampstead, Herts.

Messrs. Noyes Brothers, of Melbourne and Sydney, have forwarded £100, so that my offer of a further £100 if twenty-four friends will do the same leaves us with only twenty-one further donations to obtain.

We want the help of each reader of "Overseas" so that we can—

(1) Erect in the heart of the Empire a building dedicated to the memory of the men of the Old Country and Overseas which will be devoted to the interests of British subjects from across the seas for all time.

(2) Draw closer in the bonds of comradeship British subjects in all parts of the world.

The money in hand is invested in War Bonds, and a balance-sheet of the Overseas War Memorial Fund will be prepared by our auditors, Messrs. E. Layton Bennett & Co., 81, Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C., and a copy sent in due course to every subscriber.

E. W.

LIST No. 11.

	£	s.	d.
Viscount Northcliffe, on account of £1,000	250	0	0
Messrs. Noyes Brothers, Melbourne and Sydney, Australia	100	0	0
Members of the Albemarle Branch, *per* J. Corbett, Charlottesville, Virginia, U.S.A.	20	0	0
W. Speers and Mrs. H. Speers, of Largo dos Guayanazes, No. 18, São Paulo, Brazil	20	0	0
J. Speak, Kirton, near Boston, England. "*In memory of F. Spencer, Esq.*"	20	0	0
D. Hamilton, Broadstairs, Kent. "*In memory of my beloved son*"	20	0	0
Miss C. Oppenheimer, Nice, France	13	10	0
Members of the Springs Batchelor Girls' Club, Springs, Transvaal	12	10	0
H. Playfair, Esq., P.O. Box 128, Yokohama	10	10	0
Miss M. Ryding, 1330, Whitaker Street, Birmingham, Alabama, U.S.A.	10	10	0
L. G. Tippinge, Wellington Road, Bournemouth. "*In memory of F. G. Tippinge and Lieut. H. G. Tippinge*"	10	0	0
N. J. Rowstrcm, Casilla 263, Valparaiso, Chile	10	0	0
D. H. Illingworth, Hanlith Hall, Bell Busk, Yorkshire	10	0	0
R. W. Broadley, Custom House, Amoy, China, *per* E. G. Lowder	9	0	0
Lieut. J. W. Dodwell, Langley Road, Watford	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Bull, 9, Chelsea Gardens, S.W. 1. "*In memory of Desmond Fitz-Maurice*"	5	0	0
D. G. Kirk, H.C.S., Estojode Agua, Argentine	5	0	0
Miss O. I. Ward, 36, Elm Park Mansions, S.W. 10	5	0	0
Mrs. Wrench, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin, Ireland	5	0	0
J. McCalmont, Laverton, West Australia	5	0	0
R. Nicholson, Hurley, Great Marlow. "*In memory of Capt. G. Nicholson*"	5	0	0
W. Foden, 25, Rue Lormand, Bayonne. "*In memory of F. E. Trayner*"	5	0	0
L. Carter, Red Lion Buildings, Giltspur Street, E.C. "*In memory of 2nd Lieut. C. F. Umney*"	5	0	0
E. King, P.O., Tongaat, Natal, South Africa	5	0	0
	562	10	0
Total donations under £5	116	17	7
Acknowledged last month	5,233	11	10
	£5,912	19	5

The Babies of the Empire

[*A Crusade for the Health of Women and Children, under the auspices of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League.*]

Babies of the Empire.

AS the months pass, interest in the work of the Babies of the Empire continues to grow in a most satisfactory manner both here and overseas. I have received an interesting letter and cutting from our good friend Mr. F. E. Scott, the Mayor of Port-of-Spain, describing the formal opening of a crêche attached to the Mothers and Babies' Clinic at the Colonial Hospital.

The Governor of Trinidad and Lady Chancellor performed the ceremony, the latter by placing a three-days-old baby in the pretty cot given by herself. We wish the crêche every possible success and hope to hear more of the Baby Welfare League in the future.

Requests for literature have come from China and India, and needless to say we have sent off a supply with the greatest pleasure. The following is a list of books by Dr. Truby King which we supply : "Feeding and Care of Baby" (new edition, 1918 ; Macmillan), 2s. 6d. net ; "The Expectant Mother and Baby's First Month," 1s. net ; "Natural Feeding of Infants," 1s. net ; "Story of the Teeth and How to Save Them," 1s. net. The sale of these books is steadily on the increase in the Old Country, and last month £20 worth were sold.

After hearing Dr. Truby King speak at the Mansion House recently one kind friend wrote promising to send us 10s. a month. Will some of you do the same ? Every little helps.

MRS. BOTHA AND THE BABIES.—On the foggiest of days, as damp and dark and foggy as such a day can be in London, Mrs. Botha and Lady Graaf paid a visit to the Training Centre. But in spite of the fog, to the surprise of the visitors, the babies were lying as usual in front of the large French windows, which remain open day and night.

Dr. Truby King conducted the ladies round the nurseries and explained the various charts on the walls and told them something of the histories of the little patients. Mrs. Botha was deeply interested in all she saw and said how much she wished Dr. King would return to New Zealand *viâ* South Africa. "For there," she said, "we need to save every white child that is born." She agrees heart and soul with the main plank in our platform, that every baby should be naturally fed. We all know what good mothers the Hollanders of South Africa make and how they fulfil this most important function.

Lady Graaf bought a set of Dr. Truby King's books, and both she and Mrs. Botha have promised to do all they can to further our work.

OVERSEAS

An Outspan Note

[*The following article describes a night on the veldt during a transport journey in South Africa. Mr. H. B. Evans sends it "as a slight testimony to the pleasure and inspiration I receive from 'Overseas,'" adding that our August number formed his only reading during the journey in question.—Editor.*]

An Outspan Note.

AFTER one hot and droughty day in the plantation collecting poles, and a second at the siding trucking them, I was tired of my job, and when the "boys" had left in the evening I chose for my rest the side of the wagon where my back would be to the truck and my face to the open country. On this day it did not grow dark; daylight only merged into moonlight. The pure circle of the moon seemed an expression of perfection and perfection's calm. She shone to-night without the rivalry of the stars, the heat haze veiling these, enlarging the moon, and mellowing the light she spread on the world below.

No sharp and glittering light, the moonlight of to-night! but a softly-diffused and golden-toned one. After a day against whose burning the natives had ejaculated even in the late afternoon, the night air sinks into my senses with a deep refreshment. Distant voices of late-playing children rather deepen the stillness than break it. The oxen are mostly lying, ruminating vigorously, breathing deeply. Now and again an ox labours to his feet for change of position and displays his mass against the sky. Black oxen tell as pitchy pools; the white markings down the span are brightly islanded. I know not what rules govern the rising and sinking of the oxen of a resting span, but I feel there is some order, and I know to watch it is peaceful. My horse is hobbled at a little distance—a pretty silhouette as he stands at rest, an amusing one as he shifts his ground with little wooden jumps.

A familiar sight. Natives gathered round the mealie pot eating porridge with a wooden spoon. Sent by Mr. F. A. Morris, Box 833, Durban, S. Africa.

I sit on a cushion and make my supper. Helmet and haversack, laid to one side of me, catch an ivory light; on the other side my travel-

ling bag lies open, the thing in it as easy to find as by day. To-night I have the wagon, the veldt and the heavens to myself. And I am glad of this. For these are thrilling days, and great reports have come along the siding to-day, no less than of the abdication of a once-haughty Emperor and the humble surrender of the Turk ; and I would rather to-night be alone with my thoughts and the great themes of these immense times. **An Outspan Note.**

Never before has humanity seen events so dramatic as these of the world's organised passion of the last four years. For an hour I pace up and down by the wagon, and my thoughts run on Germany's fall like Lucifer's, son of the morning ; on mighty hopes setting in disaster ; on the consternation and panic that followed so swiftly the exultation of victory ; on a proud nation's humiliation and woe.

I dream, too, of the great births of the coming time, of the changes that make it adventurous as a voyage of Magellan or Drake. But my imaginations rove into the new time without dismay or disquiet, in the faith that how great soever the changes may be, they are not to destroy what is best in the world.

As I turn away to make my bed I notice my horse is now standing at the railway fence, his head high over it. He, too, might be looking out over a new world. The wagon is not needed to-night either for shelter or privacy ; so I spread my blankets a dozen yards wide of it, use my bag for a pillow, and place the cushion for my hip. Removing my boots and my collar, I wrap my blankets round me, close my eyes, and prepare for the task of to-morrow.

HORACE B. EVANS,
P.O., Brereton, *Viâ* Piet Relief, Transvaal.

A Private Still for Peach Burgundy. Sent by the Rev. H. J. Norris, Box 38, Rustenburg, Transvaal.

Altiora in Votis

Altiora in Votis.

IT is amazing how little most people make of life. They go on in a dull, mechanical way from day to day, engrossed in small cares and duties, their eyes focussed on the immediate foreground, the dust of living thick on the windows of their souls. The even monotony of routine, with its curiously deadening effect, seems to blunt their finer sensibilities, to shut them into a small, narrow world made up of infinite detail ; they get up in the morning with no thrill of anticipation as to what the day may bring forth, no high expectations, the hours stretch in front of them on a dull level, they get through their duties more or less conscientiously according to the standard they happen to have, and if a beautiful empty hour falls to their share, wonder dully how they are to "kill the time." Only when life is slipping from them do they suddenly seem to wake up to its value, and then with frantic hands they endeavour to cling to it ; blind at the last minute, as they have been all through the futile years, they turn with horror from the great Revelation for which they are not prepared, and which to them means only darkness and silence.

It is unbearable to think that *this* should be all that thousands of human beings are getting out of life—life with its marvellous possibilities, its unexplored realms, its ever-unfolding vistas of new powers, its magic and its wonder. The human soul in its delicate, finely adjusted shell finds itself for a few short years the denizen of a little sun-illumined world swung out in a universe of stars. The vast spaces of eternity surround it, and imprisoned as it is for a time in its earthly body, it may yet reach out through its eyes and touch the gleaming belt of Orion and the Pleiades' silver maze, and on the wings of thought may fly to the infinite regions beyond. Close at hand, too, each blade of grass, each stone, no less than shining star or glory of sunset, is fraught with meaning and mystery. But we, for the most part, alas ! have allowed our senses to become blunted ; the winds of heaven bring us no message, earth with its wonder of manifold colour and form is spread in vain before dull eyes which cannot see in the things which do appear the glory that lies behind.

We are embarked on a tremendous adventure, but our cabined spirits, with doors fast shut, immerse themselves in trifles, while outside life itself, life in its splendour and mystery, calls in vain. Man appears to have a genius for unessentials ; the immediate claim of the passing moment blocks out for him the universe itself ; the goal of his immortal soul is wholly lost sight of in the harassing complexity of the minor aims and objects of his petty existence.

Altiora in Votis.

All those things which were meant to be to him enlightening truths and revelations ; by his treatment of them he turns into obstacles. The difficulties and worries which might lift him on wings to the regions of peace are to him stumbling-blocks and weariness, and tether him to earth. Perchance a great fear, a great love, a great sorrow may come into his life, and for a moment things fall into proper proportions, the sham estimates crumble into nothingness, and the real, the true, shines out on his startled eyes. But only for a moment ; too long has been his bondage to the things of time for escape to be so easy. Readjustment of spirit is not to be attained in a moment of vision, however great and wonderful ; it is a process of long years, of unremitting effort, of untiring perseverance. It implies the training of a whole new set of faculties, the training of that inner ear which hears the unspoken word, the spiritual eye to which every bush appears "afire with God." It is nothing short of the whole awakening of the human soul to the vivid realisation of the hidden meaning which underlies every visible object and every event.

> "All that meets the bodily sense I deem
> Symbolical—one mighty Alphabet
> For infant minds ! and we in this low world
> Placed with our back to bright Reality
> That we may learn with young unwounded ken
> The Substance from the Shadow—"

To aim at such a conception of existence is to engage upon a lifelong struggle with habit, with apathy of spirit, with the numbing effect of the daily round. It means perpetual renewal of resolve and a flame-like devotion of purpose. It means infinite trouble, but it is infinitely worth while. The influence which we can have on other people's lives depends entirely on our inner world of thought, what we think, not what we say, is what will tell, the measure of our vision is the measure of our power. Some rare souls there are to whom "every window looks towards Heaven and every door opens into the House of God" ; to come in contact with such is to be conscious of standing on holy ground ; here is something beyond the gauge of earthly wisdom, something that reason can neither analyse nor explain, but which transfigures the world. And to realise this, however faintly, is surely to be fired with unquenchable determination to solve the wonderful secret, and rising to the utmost possibilities of human nature, ourselves to win for others new treasures, new access to the Land of the Spirit, the Land of Peace. What one man has achieved is within the reach of every child of man, ours it is to claim our heritage and step into our kingdom.

H. d. V.

FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT

"I wish we could enter into a great league and covenant for the world declaring ourselves the friends of mankind and uniting to maintain the right."—President Wilson at Manchester.

From a Woman's Standpoint.

RESIDENT AND MRS. WILSON.—Old Londoners can recollect no visit to this country which has created more enthusiasm or interest than that of President and Mrs. Wilson. It was an unqualified success. We rejoiced to have amongst us and to see for ourselves the man who, above all others, voices the new note of goodwill towards men in public and in national life, which is the key-note of the new era. We basked in the President's smile and smiled back at him, and we looked admiringly at the President's wife, who shared everywhere the ovations he received.

We felt proud to feel that he is of our blood ; and we followed his visit to Carlisle—his mother's birthplace—with sympathetic interest. We have found him human, approachable, and a strong, straight, true man. The following is one of the stories I like best about him and, as it comes from his own country, I am sure it must be true. One day Mr. Wilson was walking to the golf course, when a naughty little boy on the road put out his tongue at him. The friend who was with the President affected to be horrified and suggested correction. "I corrected him all right," said President Wilson. "How was that?" said his friend, surprised, "you said nothing." "No," said the President, "but I made a worse face at him!"

Mrs. Wilson has links with this country also and is a descendant of Princess Pocohontas, who is buried in St. George's Church, Gravesend. She is charming to look at and, like all Americans, dresses well. It was rumoured that she got a whole new trousseau for her European trip, but I suspect she added to it in Paris. One of the spectators told me that, as the Presidential train slid into Charing Cross Station, the first person he saw was Rosie Booth, Mrs. Wilson's black mammy, who acts as maid. The Queen was greatly interested in her and wanted to shake hands with her, but Mrs. Wilson begged her not to do so, saying, "Rosie's head is already so turned by all that she has been seeing and doing, that if a real live Queen shook hands with her, she would be spoilt for evermore!" So the Queen desisted.

Our one regret was the shortness of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson's stay amongst us, but it was good to have had them here, and we hope they may come again.

From a Woman's Standpoint.

HOME DECORATIONS.—For over four years we have watched our houses grow shabbier and shabbier, both inside and out. The walls needed re-papering, the woodwork fresh paint. We longed for new curtains and covers, but our yearnings in this direction always ended up with the reflection, "I must wait till the War is over." But now the War is over we are bursting out in all directions. The tradesmen, no longer so shorthanded, can get the work done within a reasonable time, and many of us are enjoying to the full the delights of re-decorating our homes.

With a little taste and some sense of colour, it is surprising how economically rooms may be made to look attractive. It is not necessary to spend money to get beautiful effects. I am sure that is a canon we need to remember. For instance, one flat I know has grey distempered walls with white paint throughout. The sitting-room is all blue and orange, with misty blue net curtains (that only cost 2s. 11d. a yard !) and a black carpet. The whole effect is most restful, the touches of orange giving just the right feeling of warmth and sunshine so sorely needed in a London drawing-room in winter. The bedroom makes one think at once of lavender and roses. The carpet is a dull soft green, the curtains one mass of glowing cabbage roses, while the chair covers are mauve. Every detail in this flat has been thought out, even to the biscuit tin in the bedroom, for early morning tea, which has been painted green with a wreath of pink roses. Then I know a maisonnette, consisting of two floors, which has just been done up. All the walls are stone grey. Every carpet and every bit of paint is black. All the armchairs and the sofa are upholstered in black and the curtains are black as well. The only colour is in the cushions, which make gay splashes of gold and blue. The bedrooms have a wonderful jade-green and black curtains and bedspreads. It is effective and unusual, but so much black is rather depressing to any one who loves a riot of colour. On the other hand, the dirt will not easily be seen, and that is surely an advantage.

OVERCROWDED LONDON.—London has never been so full or so overcrowded or so uncomfortable in the whole course of its existence as during the last few months. It is impossible to get rooms anywhere, and one hears pathetic tales of soldiers home on leave spending their nights in waiting-rooms or on the floors of Y.M.C.A. huts. Some hundreds of American soldiers were given a shakedown in the Law Courts to relieve the congestion. But the problem is not solved even when rooms have been secured, for there are not enough baths to go round. I once remember a "silly season" controversy in one of the London dailies as to which nation was the cleanest, and although the British have prided themselves on their love of baths, it was quite properly pointed out that the United States led the way, for there, in all the latest houses

From a Woman's Standpoint.

and hotels, each bedroom has a bathroom to itself—and who does not know and rejoice in the lavish supply of daily clean towels in American hotels ?

WHERE CAN I GET A BATH ?—But to return to our muttons, there are many old-fashioned houses still in London without bath-rooms. Some houses have been supplied with geysers and they are much sought after, but half the glory of a geyser has departed with the shortage of gas. A hot bath is a luxury, and friends who live in houses with a hot-water supply are looked on with envy by their neighbours. These more favoured ones have in some instances risen to the occasion, and the old invitation to come and dine has been supplemented with the offer of a bath beforehand. A friend I know who lives in a bathless flat has a bath every week-end when she dines or lunches with her brother, but what do all the others do ? Shiver occasionally in a sponge bath we must suppose.

NO MORE PRISONERS' PARCELS.—Many hundreds of women have been employed in packing and despatching parcels for the prisoners of war, and their work has now, for the best of all reasons, come to an end. A friend of mine, who has recently been engaged in helping at one of these depôts, writes the following account of what she has been doing :—" I believe the last batch of prisoners' parcels goes on Saturday. They are not addressed now, so we are all packers : the War Office begged for the largest possible number, so the Central Depôt does 10,000 a day. A very good-natured Miss S. alongside me gave me hints as to packing fast. She has been at it for not merely months, but years. Her best pace is 24 in 30 minutes. Mine, alas ! 12, but it was only my second day. I could have wept. However, a girl who had been packing for months only did 14, so I was a little comforted. The shape of the tins, etc., changes every few days. So a head comes round and shows you the pattern to pack by, it is like a jigsaw puzzle !—18 articles in each parcel, 10 being tins. We were asked to keep our record from 12 to 12.30, and the sort of breathless strain there was ! Miss S. says the secret is never to touch anything twice, and of course the people who fidget and alter their plan are done for."

What outlet will these women find now ? It would be a thousand pities if their energy and capacity were wasted. I wish a vast Employment Bureau existed for Voluntary workers, where each might find another niche.

A WAYFARER.

[" *A Wayfarer" will be pleased to answer letters addressed to her, c/o " Overseas," General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.—Editor.*]

MY MONTH'S READING

By A. St. John Adcock

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS.—Some, who would not dream of dressing in ready-made clothes but are quite contented to go about in ready-made habits of thought, are still saying that anything in the way of a League of Nations is an impossible ideal. But I think it is being borne in upon the majority of us that, far from being a mere impracticable vision, some such league is the next most matter-of-fact step in the march of human progress. Apart from all its waste and brutality, war, as an idea, is out of date. In the Stone Age it was as natural and proper for two members of the same tribe to settle their private disputes in crude hand-to-hand combat as it was for two different tribes to consider they were justly entitled to whatever they could take from each other by slaughter and superior muscular force. But, nowadays, what should we think of the reputable city merchant who, having a grievance against a trade rival and a tribunal to which he could submit it, yet preferred to go round to his rival's premises with a club, batter and bruise his person, smash his windows and furniture, making himself sole arbiter of his own wrongs and rights? We should feel he was a vulgar brute and had disgraced himself; if he did it more than once he would no longer be received in the best society.

Yet the principle is the same between nation and nation as between man and man. Doubtless there were old-fashioned people in the Stone Age who argued that it was impossible to set up Courts of Law to do away with private fighting, just as now there are many who say the same of a League that shall supersede the necessity for international war. Before they go on saying that I would have them read General Smuts's well-considered proposals in "The League of Nations." He calls his contribution to the subject "a practical suggestion," and eminently practical it is, in that its realisation makes no demands upon the various peoples except for the exercise of ordinary common sense and the elementary principles of justice in their dealings with each other. We are at the parting of the ways, and unless we are to take the road that will bring us to the next war and the end of civilisation we must find salvation in some such League as General Smuts foreshadows. No book has handled more clearly, practically or

My Month's Reading.

convincingly the most momentous problem of the day, and one in which every man and woman of us is deeply concerned.

CANDID REMINISCENCES.—It is more than likely that Gerald Cumberland's reminiscences, "Set Down in Malice," will not please all his friends and acquaintance, for he hands out very little flattery, except to celebrities whose work or personalities particularly appeal to him. You may think him occasionally impertinent ; he confesses that he is sometimes bad-mannered ; but his piquant frankness is refreshingly unconventional, and at least you cannot accuse him of dulness. Mr. Cumberland began his career as a journalist in Manchester as a musical critic, and has since made good in London, and in the ordinary way of his business, or otherwise, he has come into contact with a multitude of men more or less distinguished in literature, art, music, politics, and the drama. From the point of view of his subjects, his pleasantest chapters are on Frank Harris and Sir Hall Caine ; and his nicest pen-pictures or opinions are of Lloyd George, Mrs. Pankhurst, Lord Derby, Elizabeth Robins, G. K. Chesterton, John Masefield, A. R. Orage, Barry Pain, Zangwill, Jerome, Ernest Newman, and Augustus John. He is nearly as kind to Max Beerbohm ; not quite so kind to St. John Ervine and Sir Owen Seaman. The chapters on Bernard Shaw and Sir Edward Elgar do not spare the weaknesses of either ; that on Stanley Houghton and Harold Brighouse almost justifies the book's title ; and if the sketches of Mrs. Annie Besant, Miss Horniman, Henry Arthur Jones, and Arthur Henderson are not what you could call gracious, that of Arnold Bennett is even less so. "Fleet Street" and "Night Clubs" have each an entertaining chapter, and Chelsea and certain of its artistic Bohemians have two. There is a lively dissertation on "People I would like to Meet," but whether those people would like to meet Mr. Cumberland, after reading how he writes of others he has met, is an open question. Some of his portraits are caricatures, some of his humour simple rudeness ; all the same, this is the cleverest, most interesting, and most amusingly candid thing in the way of reminiscences I have read for quite a long while.

THE JOY OF LIVING.—Joseph Lucas writes of himself as if he were an elderly man, and the essays in his "Lures of Life" offer a brave philosophy to those who have left their youth behind but are wise enough to adjust their ideas of happiness to the new conditions that are facing them. "I found it better," he says, "to walk in step with the years and melt into middle life with all the gentle conciliations of an easy mind than to clutch at the hem of the garment of departing youth and hold on frantically to a corpse." He believes that "the good are usually happy, and the happy are usually good" ; that there is no virtue in extremes,

My Month's Reading.

but "abstinence is the morality of the weak, and temperance the morality of the strong." His gospel is a healthful gospel of the joy of living, and he insists that "not self-denial, but enjoyment, is the highest good and the truest test of character." I don't share all his views on "The Lure of the New Democracy," but I subscribe to all the broad-minded, unorthodox, stimulating things he has to say on the past, present and future of the churches and the religion they ought to teach. Mr. Lucas has a quiet, shrewd humour, and writes thoughtfully and with a stimulating courage of the every-day experiences and difficulties that, one time or another, life brings to nearly all of us.

NELSON'S LAST DIARY.—One of the most precious of our national treasures is the Diary that Nelson kept in the last five weeks of his life. It begins in September, 1905, on the day he left Merton to go to sea, and ends in October, when at daylight he "saw the Enemies Combined Fleet from East to E S E.," and jotted down a prayer before entering on the battle of Trafalgar. When Mr. Gilbert Hudson obtained permission to examine and transcribe the Diary, a small memorandum book, which is preserved at the Probate Registry because it contains at the end a last codicil to Nelson's will, he found that some Vandal had torn two leaves out of it ; and the first edition of "Nelson's Last Diary" appeared necessarily without the records that were on those pages. Fortunately, however, he has now been able to consult a full copy of the Diary at the British Museum, and the new and cheaper edition which has just been published gives the document in its entirety. Mr. Hudson's notes and introduction furnish just the comment and information needed to supplement the brief chronicles in the great Admiral's journal. It is a book of the greatest interest and value to students and to all of us who love and honour Nelson—and which of us does not ?

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.—General Literature : "The League of Nations," by Lieut.-General the Right Hon. J. C. Smuts, P.C. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) "Set Down in Malice," by Gerald Cumberland. 8s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.) "Lures of Life," by Joseph Lucas. 6s. net. (Fisher Unwin.) "Nelson's Last Diary," with Introduction and Notes, by Gilbert Hudson. New Edition. 2s. net. (Elkin Mathews.) "The Hohenzollerns at the Bar of History," by T. Dundas Pillans. 4s. 6d. net. (Melrose.) "An Uncensored Diary from the Central Empires," by E. D. Bullitt. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.) "For Second Reading" (Essays), by Stephen Gwynn. 4s. net. (Maunsel.) Poetry : "Modern American Verse." An Anthology. Compiled by Roma Claire. 6s. net. (Westall.) "Poems," by Charles J. B. Masefield. 5s. net. (Blackwell.) "Hearts Courageous," by John Oxenham. 1s. 3d. net. (Methuen.) Fiction : "The English Family," by Harold Begbie. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.) "Billy McCoy," by Christopher Culley. 7s. net. (Cassell.) "The Winds of Chance," by Rex Beach. 6s. net. (Hodder.) "Orders to Marry," by Richard Marsh. 6s. net. (John Long.)

THE OVERSEAS FORUM

The Overseas Forum.

THE RICH JEW'S BEAUTIFUL WIFE.—One of the Arabs tells an interesting story of the adventures of a Jew, a rich man, with a beautiful wife. It is interesting because General Allenby takes a hand in the last scene. It would take too long to give it with all details, but I can shortly give you the main incidents. Turkish Governor of Jerusalem, driving, sees beautiful lady in street. Orders attendant to follow and bring word who it is. Husband wealthy merchant, already paid twice to avoid being conscripted. Soldiers ordered at once to go and bring the man to join regiment leaving for the Suez Canal, to fight against the British.

Protestations of no avail. Husband taken off and joins Turkish army, which has scoured the country for every available camel, and goes forward with five thousand of these, loaded with sand-bags, with the idea of filling up the Canal in some narrow part. After fighting he is taken prisoner, and then volunteers and joins the British ranks.

After two years he finds himself again in the south of Palestine, near Jerusalem, badly wounded and in hospital. To return to the lady who was intended by the Turkish Governor to fill the *rôle* of Bathsheba: as her ideas did not coincide with his in the matter, she just managed to get away to the house of the Chief Rabbi. He said: "You are in danger, cut all your hair off, and dress like a boy and I will hide you, and also take care of your two children." This was done, and after a certain time she volunteered as a Red Cross nurse to assist in nursing the wounded.

She was attending a bad case one day, when with shrieks and emotion she discovered it was her long-lost husband. The last scene is where General Allenby, interested in the story, when he entered Jerusalem, requested the Rabbi to have the two children brought to him, and then handed them over to the rejoicing father and mother.—Seymour H. C. Hawtrey, Yuty Timber Co., Yuty, Paraguay, South America.

ENDURANCE TESTS IN NORTHERN NIGERIA.—Since Empire Day I have been trying to get as many men as I have come in contact with to join the Over-Seas Club, with fair success, as this is not a country where one meets a great number of Europeans in one week or in one month. I should be so grateful if you could send me a few old copies of "Overseas" to send along with my written requests to men with whom I can get in touch. After I have got these Members initiated I intend to get them to take an interest in the Overseas War Memorial.

My present effort has been to get as many Life Members as possible and to enable me better to accomplish this I have become one myself. It has been pointed out to me that the Membership List should be supplemented periodically by an appendix giving the names of the Members enrolled during the past three months or so. To this I agree, as the appendix could be gummed in when it arrived and one would see who the latest Members were. Of course there may be difficulties in the way which we are not aware of, but should be pleased to know.

I am sending one or two photographs herewith. One of them may be suitable for the Magazine, but I hope to be able to send more by next mail. One of the prints is of special interest (see photo facing p. 69), as it shows one

of the great endurance tests of the Fulani youths to prove their grit, also their worthiness of marriage. The test consists mainly of flogging across the chest and back with very flexible sticks by the older members of the tribe. The girls take a very great interest in the proceedings, and do all that they can to ease the pain caused, by tending the wounds. The centre figure, accompanied by two girls, is just about to receive the blows of the stick. The other pictures show typical scenery of this district, with the exception of the one of the writer and a friend in our gardens. The latter was taken over a month ago, and the gardens are now in full bloom. My badge is plainly visible in my coat lapel.—James Best, c/o Ropp Tin, Limited, P.O. Jos, Northern Nigeria.

[*We hope that many of our readers will concentrate on obtaining Life Members. We hope that our present life membership of 2,400 will be 10,000 before the end of the year. Will you try and enrol one friend as a Life Member by Empire Day—May 24th?*]

OVER-SEAS CLUB DINNER AT FRONT.—A few nights ago six of us decided to get a change from camp fare and so walked out to a village for dinner. During the meal some one remarked that we were all Over-Seas Club Members. At that some one else suggested an O.S. dinner, at which all the Over-Seas Members here should be present. All thought it an excellent plan, but on inquiry we found that, as so many of our Members will be away on leave for Christmas, we cannot hold it until the New Year. So early in January we shall hold an O.S. dinner. We have some who can make speeches, and we ought to have a good time. But I want Mr. Wrench to send us a special word for the occasion which I can read out. Soon most of us will be scattered to the four corners of the earth, and it would be good to have a real Imperial message to take with us, and I feel sure that Mr. Wrench can give us just the right word. There will be about 25—30 present, so it will be a representative show. The only place we can hold it in is a French inn in the village. Lamps (oil) will be the illumination.—Lieut. W. J. Hawkings, C.L.C., Base Depot, B.E.F., France.

DEAR O.S.—Dear O.S., I am very pleased to be able to send you to-day the name of a new Member whom I have enrolled. It is rather a difficult matter to get new Members here, as there is practically no British population, so I'm all the more pleased at having netted this one. I always look forward to getting my copy of "Overseas," and heartily congratulate all those concerned with its production on the excellent little magazine they give us. Every feature is of interest. I should like to know, by the way, if "Overseas" can be supplied to any one who is not a Member of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League, and not a British subject. I have two or three friends (neutrals) who would be glad to subscribe to the Magazine. Would this be possible?—H. E. Whitley, 9, Rue Neuve, La Chaux de Fonds, Switzerland.

[*Certainly. "Overseas" cannot have too large an audience. It costs non-members 2s. per annum more than Members, however.*]

A WAR HOBO'S LETTER.—"Why, hello, old Coldstreamer—spending a little leave?"

"Just a few days, Digger—then back for the big mine sweep. But things seem a kinda dead in London—I had a hunch it was now a real live burg, with the crowd celebrating to beat a Yakima Patlatch."

"The joy stuff is all over—it was 'good' here, though, two weeks ago—real bosker."

"That so? Well, I'll see you later, cobber—must make a call or two before noon."

I mushed along the main stem—sidetracking the mud-pools at every block. The weather did not remind me much of the South Seas—

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it was drizzling rain, with a fog about as thick as corn mush. After calling on Andy Fisher, the Aussie High Commissioner, I beat it across to the Over-Seas Club—to make a very important call. And that was to thank Lady des Vœux for a whole heap of kindness in sending along a swell "handout" to the crew of my ship.

I was surprised on alighting from the elevator—instead of meeting some high-toned footman I was received by a pretty English girl and ushered into a nice cosy little room occupied by "Our Lady"—as Lady des Vœux is affectionately known among the minesweepers. Did I receive the big glad hand? I certainly did—and was soon put wise that a "best ever" hamper would be sent to all hands for Christmas.

That "handle" is no bluff, believe me, 'bo. Lady des Vœux is one real lady what I mean, and if kindness and good wishes were only music the said Lady would have ten Jazz bands beaten to a frazzle.—Jack Langford, O. No., S. T. 355, H.M.S. *Clonsin*, c/o G.P.O., London.

DAIRY FARMING IN NEW ZEALAND.—This part of New Zealand is noted for dairying. Everybody keeps cows, and if conversation runs short, after the weather has been deplored, which is usually so in Taranaki, it is always safe to talk of the quantity and quality of milk and how are your cows doing.

While on this subject, I will enclose a piece of poetry that interested me very much when I first arrived here, fourteen years ago, from Devonshire :—

"MILKING FORTY COWS.

"Milking in the morning, milking forty cows,
Tingers suckling poddies, giving milk to sows.
Do you know the pleasure? Have you felt the pain?
If not, give me leave and I'll the thing explain.

"Milking in the morning, clearing out the pails,
Roping in the heifers, twisting at their tails,
Branding the young cattle, cleaning gutters out,
Washing out the buckets, bumping cans about.

"Milking in the winter, when the mud is deep,
When the storm clouds gather, when the children weep.
Wet from mud is dripping on your knees and toes,
Giving you rheumatics, adding to your woes.

"Mud upon the cows' teats, mud upon their tails,
Mud all over clothing, mud all round the pails,
Slippery, wet and greasy, flopping it about,
Like this when the cows come in and worse when they go out.

"Pet them to go in the pails, pet them when they won't,
Pet them when they give their milk, pet them when they don't.
Let no dog disturb her—never let him bite,
If he gets kicked over, say, 'It serves him right.'

"All this sort of moonshine looks very well in print,
But who's to pet the milkers they don't so much as hint.
Who's to soothe their temper—who's to pet their cheeks?
Who will bear their troubles? Who will for them speak?

"But this is more space than the editor allows,
And I've my share of work cut out—milking forty cows."

Dairying has its pleasures and changes and, like most other work, it can soon be turned to drudgery. In fact, there was quite an agitation over the children of Taranaki being made slaves in the milking sheds, but Taranaki does not transgress any more than other places where parents want their children's help. A man with a family who stick together for some years after they come here is sure to get on. It is a matter of perseverance and contentment.—Mrs. F. J. Carter, Hunter Road, Eltham, Taranaki, New Zealand.

SPLENDID NATIVE CARRIERS.—At present I am on service with the Nyasaland Volunteer Reserves, which is only four miles from Lake Nyasa. We are now approaching the hot season, and, believe me, it can be hot here and no error. My work is all with the Carrier Transport Department. Really one cannot praise the work of the native carriers ("atengatenga" as they are called) enough. The hardships they go through and the miles they have to trek with loads is simply marvellous, and they keep wonderfully cheery in spite of it all. It is to be hoped that the campaign will be over ere this reaches you. It has been a long and disappointing one, but still we have the Huns beat, so keep smiling. Previously to August, 1914 (seems a long time back, eh ?), this Protectorate was, as most of our Empire, overrun with the Huns, but they are out now and without hopes of ever returning. The Magazine is most interesting, and I will lend it out and try to get more Members.—Clifford A. Langridge, Blantyre, Nyasaland, Africa.

LOFTY IDEAL OF IMPERIALISM.—I have been away from home with the forces in German East Africa. Letters and financial affairs became mere myths of a happy past. Whenever a mail did get through there was generally a copy of "Overseas" in the bag. The magnificent photos are a perpetual delight.

I went out on trek with some 1,850 mission boys, volunteers, who had seen what climate and war conditions could do to wreck the health of other natives who had been out before them, but yet who were ready to show that they were not shirking their share of the rough work. They were officered by missionaries and worked in the Carrier Corps.

I'm not trying to boost missions, but simply to tell you that many of us who are in the missions in out-of-the-way corners feel strongly how consonant a lofty ideal of Imperialism is with our teaching of Christianity, and how far *esprit de corps* can go towards the destruction of selfish individualism. It is for this reason that I and many others who might be regarded as narrow-minded religionists welcome the Over-Seas Club and its invitation to membership.

We're passionately proud of our birthright, as any true Britisher must be, but our work is not to preach insular infallibility ; it is, however, our business, I am glad to believe, to foster a true patriotism when the great underlying principles are those roughly outlined in the "Creed of an Imperialist," and I'm glad and proud to be a Member of the Club.—H. D. Hooper, C.M.S. Kahuhia, Fort Hall, B.E. Africa.

"MISSES MAGAZINE TERRIBLY."—One misses the Magazine terribly, as it is undoubtedly alive and progressive.—Rev. Clement Culpan, Layon Rectory, St. Vincent, B.W.I.

FIVE MINUTES EVERY DAY.—I myself am not satisfied. I think we should get many more Members, and quicker than we are getting now, because it is the duty of every British subject to be a Member of the Over-Seas Club. I think if every one would put away a little of their selfishness and give five minutes of their time every day to think a little of the value of the Over-Seas Club Members' Creed and the objects of the Club, then they would see that it is their duty to become a Member. The trouble is they do not think about it. I am quite certain that, after the War, when paper will be cheaper, the Over-Seas Club Magazine will be the finest magazine in the United Kingdom, and I always tell the same to people who I am asking to become Members of the Club.—K. Cohen, Waghorne Street, Port Ahuriri, Napier, H.B., New Zealand.

[*Mr. Cohen has put into words what many of us feel, that every British subject should be an Overseaser. If every Member, without exception, would devote 5 or 10 minutes to the cause every day, we should soon get "a move on."*]

OVERSEAS

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BLACK OCTOBER.—You have no doubt heard of the dreadful scourge of influenza plague that we have been visited by in South Africa. Cape Town has been the worst. Warehouses, retail shops, hotels, cafés, banks, etc., etc., nearly all closed, even the telephone and post office. Nearly all the trains and trams were stopped running, as all hands were down with the disease. Offices in many instances were closed—I had no one to help me for some days. As for the city streets, they were just like the City of the Dead, hardly a living soul to be seen in what are usually crowded quarters. All that one saw were funerals one behind the other of all kinds, rich and poor. I have seen some remarkable sights in my military life and in different parts of my extensive travels, but this was the most remarkable, so sudden, almost like magic. There were over 8,000 deaths (white and coloured) in the city area only, so you can imagine what it was like. Truly "Black October" as it will always be known.—F. Pitney Martin, 40, St. George's Street, Cape Town, South Africa.

OUR BADGE QUITE COMMON.—Whilst speaking of the badges, I am pleased to state that "Our" badge is becoming quite common out here, and I am now keen on seeing if we cannot get a club in Adelaide, as I feel sure we would soon get the numbers to support it.—L. R. Letheby, Box 23, National Bank of Australasia, Ltd., Pinnaroo, South Australia.

[*This is good news. We want the O.S. badge to be the best-known patriotic emblem in the Empire, and we want it to stand for Service—service of our fellows.*]

AN EMPLOYMENT BUREAU WANTED.—It has often been brought before me, the difficulty which poor and middle-class parents have to contend with in obtaining employment for their children, which is frequently due to the lack of an easily accessible channel for conveying the requisite information as regards vacancies and the wants of parents. My experience has led me to think that a national service would be rendered if the Government subsidised sheets in newspapers or even published a special paper giving free publicity to the wants of people and employers' requirements. By this means boys could be more easily placed to suit their aptitude, with the consequent result that they would eventually become more efficient national workers. The idea might be worked in conjunction with labour bureaux, and should not be a heavy burden on taxation, and a decided benefit would be given to a deserving class who often cannot afford to advertise and have not means of getting in touch with what they desire. — V. Lloyd, Sarmiento 443, Buenos Aires, Argentine, South America.

[*As far as the Members of the Over-Seas Club are concerned, "Overseas" provides the medium through our Employment Bureau.*]

[*The task of reading through and commenting on Members' letters is a very pleasant one. I am always delighted to get our readers' news.*]

E. W.

"Hector." Sent by Lt. W. J. Hawkings, C.L.C., B.E.F.

[The Overseas Trade Bureau aims at being of use to Members. Genuine Trade enquiries are welcomed and suggestions invited. Members seeking markets for their goods have the free use of our pages. The object of the Overseas Trade Bureau is to develop British Empire Trade. We hope our readers will send in Trade hints and tell us of local opportunities.—Editor.]

Overseas Trade Bureau.

AUTOMOBILES FOR CANADA.—"I am deeply interested in the manufacture and sale of automobiles and trucks. Canada, up to the present, except for the importation of a few British cars and trucks of the most expensive type, relies upon the United States entirely. There is a wonderful field open here for the British manufacturer in this line alone—always providing that the manufacturer is far-seeing enough to turn out what the country requires and establishes his business on a permanent footing, competitive with the best establishments of the United States in price and service—the quality is taken for granted. British products are bound to win if given a chance. As chief representative of one of three largest manufacturers in the United States for the Dominion, I naturally have a far insight into the situation, and I am most anxious to get into touch with a manufacturer within the British Isles, who contemplates the turning out of standard cars and trucks for export."—Enquiry 633, Ont., Canada.

The following firms wrote direct to our Member asking for particulars, and sending their catalogues and particulars of their cars to him. The Star Engineering Co., Frederick Street, Wolverhampton; John I. Thornycroft, Ltd., 10, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W. 1, and the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. The Editor of "The Car" also gave publicity to the matter in his Journal.

CLEANING CLOTHS FOR MACHINERY.—"Could you put me in touch with a firm selling cleaning cloths for wiping oil, etc., from machinery. The kind I mean are made of muslin (or similar material), taken, I believe, fron the carcasses of frozen meat imported into England."—Enquiry 637, Denmark.

Messrs. B. Winstone & Sons, Ltd., supply the stockingette material required, and they forwarded him a sample, the cost of which is 1s. 6d. per lb. f.o.b. London or Hull.

JAM MANUFACTURE.—"I am a Vice-President and Founder of Stuart, Ltd., Ontario, Canada, and would deem it a favour if it would be possible to visit and exchange views with one or two English jam manufacturers. I am returning to Canada in the near future, and being away from business for the last three years I would like to obtain data up to date."—Enquiry 632, Hants.

We forwarded our Member letters of introduction to Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell, Ltd., 2 Soho Square, London, W. 1, and Messrs. Liptons,

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Ltd., City Road, E.C. 1, who are willing to answer his enquiries, and give any information in their power.

TOYS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.—"I am anxious to fix up an agent in South Africa who will take my toy models and take orders for me. So many men are over here now, who will shortly be returning to the Cape. It seems a good time to look about for some one."—Enquiry 638, Ipswich.

We forwarded our enquirer the names of one or two men who are anxious to take up agencies on their return to South Africa.

GLOVES AND MITTS.—"Can you tell me if there is any place in London where they sell rough working gloves or mitts, the same as are used in the States and Canada? Also whether the K. Boot Co. have a store in London and, if so, whether they sell the rubber shoe packs (both black and white), etc., the same as can be bought in Vancouver?"—Enquiry 639, Sandwich, Kent.

Messrs. G. B. Moore, Werneth Leather Works, Gee Cross, Hyde, are makers of the gloves mentioned and forwarded our Member a sample, the cost of which would be 20s. per doz. pairs.

The K. Boot Company's agent in London is Mr. Baldwin Smith, 233a, Regent Street, W., but they cannot supply the goods required as there is no hope of securing any for some time.

CONSULTING AGENCIES.—"I have decided to try and start in business on my own account as a Consulting Engineer and to re-open the engineering business previously carried on by my father and grandfather in this town (but which was closed down some years ago) in a consultative capacity. I have had a very considerable and varied experience in all classes of work and am well known among the surrounding firms owing to buying and inspecting steel, steel structures, machinery and other things required in the construction and extension of all kinds of works and factories. As this is the centre of the Scottish steel, iron and machinery industries, it has occurred to me that there are many firms and individuals abroad and in the Colonies who would like to have a qualified and competent person in the district who could advise them as to the placing of contracts and could superintend the carrying out of same and do any inspection that is necessary prior to shipment. I have been engaged on the above class of work for the last twenty-five years and have acted for some of the largest firms in England, Scotland and Ireland, but I have never been abroad and have no foreign or Colonial connection."

FIREWORKS FOR NEW ZEALAND.—"I am very grateful to you for handing over my request with regard to fireworks to your trade department. I have received a letter from Messrs. James Pain & Sons, Ltd., stating that at the present time there is much difficulty and uncertainty in the shipment of explosives to the Colonies, especially as the freight on all explosives is very high just now and the prospects are that it will still further increase. They advised me to get into touch with their New Zealand agent, Mr. W. H. Hazard, 176, Queen Street, Auckland, New Zealand, and I am writing to them asking for prices, etc. Again thanks to you."—Enquiry 513, New Zealand.

PICTURES AND PRINTS.—"I shall be obliged if you will kindly send me addresses of publishers of prints and reproductions of all kinds, including pictures relating to the War."—Enquiry 635, Calgary, Canada.

We sent our Member the following names and addresses: The Art Reproduction Co., 3-4, Plough Corner, Fetter Lane, E.C.; British Art Co., 93, New Bond Street, W. 1; Imperial Fine Art Corporation, 64,

High Holborn, W.C. 1; Fine Arts Publishing Co., 15, Green Street, W.; Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd., Raphael House, Moorfields, City, E.C. 2.

TRADE IN SWITZERLAND.—"We would like to represent English firms. Will you kindly put us in touch with English firms who would like to be represented in Switzerland, eventually the South of France, or act as agents for them? There is a lot of business to be done here for English goods. We are also willing to answer any enquiries from English manufacturers."—Enquiry 625, Lausanne, Switzerland.

The following firms communicated direct with our Members:—Messrs. H. P. Wilson & Co., 14, South Street, London, E.C. 2; Messrs. Faudels, Ltd., 36/40, Newgate Street, London, E.C. 1; Messrs. E. Davies, Ltd., 2, Aire Street, Leeds.

RAW OCHRE.—"I am enclosing herewith samples of raw ochres. Could you put me in touch with some large firm which deals in raw ochres?"—Enquiry 626, Selukwe, Rhodesia, South Africa.

We forwarded these samples to Messrs. Wm. Harrison & Co., 16, Mincing Lane, E.C. 3, a firm which deals with such articles in a large way. They examined the samples, but found they were not of any value, as, apart from the fact that better and stronger staining ochres are to be found in this country, they were not worth the amount of freight which would have to be paid from South Africa even at the prices ruling before the War.

BOOT AND SHOE JOURNAL.—"Could you send me a list of the leading boot and shoe trade journals?"—Enquiry 627, Denmark.

The following is a list of the principal boot and shoe journals in the United Kingdom:— Weeklies: "Shoe Trade Journal," 76, Bride Avenue, E.C.; "Shoe and Leather News," Spencer House, South Place, E.C.; "Shoe and Leather Record," 40, Finsbury Square, E.C. 2. Monthlies: "Shoe Manufacturers' Monthly," Halford, Leicester; "Leather Trade Review," 24, Mark Lane, E.C.; "Leather World," Hop Exchange, Southwark.

GRIQUA COIN.—"I have an old Griqua coin in my possession with which I wish to part. It is one of the few coins issued by Chief Waterboer, the old Griqua chief. It is one of four which are believed to be still in existence. Can you put me in touch with a likely buyer?"—Enquiry 628, Woking, Surrey.

Messrs. Spink & Son, Ltd., 17/18, Piccadilly, W., dealers in antiquities, wished to see the coin, and they wrote to our Member direct.

TRADE WITH DUTCH EAST INDIES.—"With regard to the notification of your report on trade openings direct with the Dutch East Indies, and your recommendation that such business relations should be established direct, we shall be very pleased to look into the matter, as we are disposed to entertain such business. Not only would we be importers of the minerals produced, but the various kinds of merchandise that we specialise in would no doubt find a ready market there."—Enquiry 615, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

AGENCIES FOR SOUTH AMERICA.—Officer, 35, fifteen years' pre-War business experience in South America, being discharged and sailing for Brazil, Argentine, etc., representing important British interest, can accept a few other agencies or execute commissions there.

Overseas Employment and Information Bureau

[The Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League merely acts as a medium of introduction, and cannot be held responsible for the accuracy of any of the personal announcements published.—Editor.]

Overseas Employment and Information Bureau.

WO ESTATES FOR SALE (Harris-Saltoun) on the western slopes of the island of Dominica, comprising nearly 600 acres of freehold land, 80 to 90 of which have already been planted with limes. Very profitable results can be obtained if properly organised—its possibilities are great, and its profits even now are quite appreciable.—*E. B. 410, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

RODNEY'S COVE.—An undeveloped estate (212 acres) six miles from Roseau, the port of the island of Dominica. Beautiful country—excellent soil, suitable for planting limes, cocoanut, cane, etc.—*E. B. 410a, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

ARGENTINA.—Officer and wife sailing February, require nurse for girl three months. Passage paid and bonus in return for services on voyage or engagement for longer period if knowing Spanish. Applicants must give full details of qualifications, age, etc.—*E. B. 411, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

ASSISTANT FARMER.—A discharged officer (32) with ten years' shipping experience wishes to obtain position as assistant manager on a farm (mixed farm preferred). Would accept keep for himself and wife until experience was gained. Rhodesia preferred. Some capital.—*E. B. 412, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

MINING ENGINEER OR DESIGNER desires post with large firm of contractors. Has passed examination of Assistant Engineers (French) and has had wide practical engineering experience. Age 23. Capable and energetic.—*E. B. 413, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

COMMERCIAL MANAGER OR BUYER.—Position wanted in engineering firm or contractors' firm (England preferred) by discharged soldier (40); has had good practical experience in general commercial and engineering firm.—*E. B. 414, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

BUYER OR SALES MANAGER.—Thoroughly experienced man (28), capable and energetic, wishes to act as travelling representative abroad (South America preferred). He is prepared to accept position as buyer or sales manager in England.—*E. B. 415, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

SUITABLE OPENING IN U.S.A. OR CHINA.—Ex-officer would be glad to hear of any openings in U.S.A. or China. Age 25. General all-round sportsman. Can drive and ride. Speaks French and has had practical experience of clerical work.—*E. B. 416, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

SECRETARY OR AGENT.—Position wanted by fully-trained and certificated schoolmaster (preferably on an estate), East Africa, New Zealand, South America or India. Age 29½. Married.—*E. B. 417, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

PRIVATE SECRETARYSHIP IN ONE OF THE COLONIES.—Lady (22), well-educated. Shorthand-writer and typist, 100 and 80 respectively. Has good knowledge of usual office routine. Fluent German.—*E. B. 418, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

OVERSEAS

Overseas Employment and Information Bureau.

FOREMAN ENGINEER.—Engineer, discharged soldier, fourteen years' practical experience, with initiative, trained at University Engineering College, London (four years), experienced in production of aircraft, ordnance and tools, requires position as foreman engineer, assistant manager, or chief inspector of works. Strict disciplinarian and good progress man.—*E. B. 335, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

POSITION WANTED IN AUSTRALIA (Sydney preferred). —Discharged soldier wishes to take position as inspector of aircraft or aeroplane industries, or mechanic in motor car or motor cycle business. Has had previous experience, and has held position as inspector in the Air Ministry. Age 28. Married.—*E. B. 419, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

GENERAL CLERKSHIP.—A lady is anxious to hear of a position comprising filing, telephone and usual office duties. Has had twelve years' experience in similar capacity. Capable and trustworthy. Would prefer Los Angeles, California. *E. B. 420, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

ENGINEER AND COXSWAIN OF MOTOR LAUNCH.—Post wanted by thoroughly reliable and capable man. Holds first-class certificates for Science and Arts Examination and has had a thorough training as engineers' draughtsman. Excellent testimonials. Married. Age 40. —*E. B. 421, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

APPOINTMENT WANTED IN SWITZERLAND OR FRANCE. A discharged officer (38) has been advised by the doctor to seek warm dry climate. Previous to the War he was practising as a solicitor (fluent French), and would like to obtain work of a legal nature, *e.g.*, workmen's compensation or any commercial work.—*E. B. 424, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

SUGAR, RUBBER, OR COCOANUT ESTATE. —Post wanted by officer, factory overseer. Malay States preferred. Has had previous experience in work of a similar nature in Demerara. Excellent testimonials. Single (27).—*E. B. 425, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER OR OUTDOOR APPOINTMENT DESIRED. —India, East Africa, Italy or Spain. Age 24. Single. Good references. Experience in motor engineering and ironmongery firms.—*E. B. 426, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

PLANTATION WORK.—Discharged soldier wishes to obtain post as assistant in store or on plantation. Is willing to go to any part of South America, West Indies or Mexico. Age 28. Single. Capable and energetic.—*E. B. 427, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

PRIVATE SECRETARY.—Young discharged soldier is anxious to go abroad in any capacity (at present in Egypt). Energetic. Understands book-keeping and accountancy. Single, age 24.—*E. B. 288, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT ON MINE OR PLANTATION. Appointment wanted by experienced automobile engineer, speaking fluent French ; thoroughly experienced in constructional work. Good all-round sportsman and horseman. Age 28. Married. Brazil or Southern States preferred.—*E. B. 428, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

APPOINTMENT DESIRED IN CANADA by young discharged soldier, who has been recommended by the doctor to go to Canada. Has taken a special training course in engineering and has a practical knowledge of motor cycling and driving. Has had public school education and has travelled in New Zealand, Germany, Austria and France. Age 20. Something in the motor industry (outdoor) preferred.—*E. B. 429, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

Overseas Employment and Information Bureau.

ESTATE AGENT.—Discharged soldier wishes to obtain position with estate agents, tourist or steamship company (Riviera preferred). Age 31. Married. Fluent French and German. Has had previous experience in similar capacity.—*E. B. 430, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

MANAGERSHIP IN SOUTH AFRICA OR BRITISH EAST AFRICA.—Position wanted by ex-officer as manager in a company, ranching, pedigree stock or dairy farming. Age 33. Married ; three children. Has had ten years' experience in mixed farming in South Africa.—*E. B. 431, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

SECRETARIAL APPOINTMENT DESIRED by ex-officer (39), with working knowledge of accountancy, book-keeping and finance. Good general experience of up-to-date business methods. *E. B. 432, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

MANAGER OR ASSISTANT ON PLANTATION OR FARM where an engineering knowledge would be useful. Accustomed to handle men, and has experience of saw mills, machinery and internal combustion engines. Can speak the Swahili language. Married. Age 38.—*E. B. 433, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

EX-OFFICER would be glad to hear of suitable opening in England preferably with large firm of engineering contractors. Has had a good practical experience and would like to take position as manager or take up any partnership with firm desiring to contract aircraft. *E. B. 413a, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

FUTURE OF AIRCRAFT. There can be no doubt that aircraft aerial travel in every form will constitute an important and leading feature in the new era opening to us after the four past terrible years of war.

It may confidently be anticipated that in the near future the new aircraft will be available for the commercial traveller on his journeys to all parts of the world : also the aerial trampship for flight to unpopulated districts, where a kraal for two or more persons can be dumped as temporary house huts (with bedrooms, living-rooms and everything needed for health and comfort). These pioneers could then clear the ground to provide open space for aircraft harbours.

As one who is deeply interested in new methods for the new life and concerned in inventions not only in aerial travel but for improvements in cooking of food, ventilation, and in the designing of portable houses and huts for use of those requiring small dwellings in starting new villages or colonies, I look forward to see the Information Bureau of the Over-Seas Club developed during the demobilisation period.

Will our various inventors and manufacturers be willing to supply the goods most suitable for Colonial use, and will our overseas soldiers kindly give us information now they are with us as to the particular articles most required ?

I hope to have a " show " of my own in London shortly where inventions will be exhibited and will be open to be examined and tested. I should be pleased to meet any one from overseas to discuss general ways and means and the best methods of developing business with the Colonies, and I look forward to the columns of " Overseas " being utilised even in a greater degree in future for the guidance and furtherance of commerce with the Dominions.—G. Clifton Westaway, Physicist and Lecturer in Aeronautics, 87, High Street, Notting Hill, W.

Army officer (27), at present in Indian Army, wishes to obtain post abroad after the War, preferably tea, coffee or rubber planting. No previous experience, but willing to learn.—*E. B. 439, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

[We invite all our readers to send us practical housekeeping hints which they have found useful in their own homes—good recipes, health hints, suggestions for the garden, advice for the farm; in fact, any and every bit of information which will be of use to fellow Members. The sender of each "Best Way" hint for this section may nominate any friend to receive "Overseas" free of charge for six months.—Editor.]

The Best Way.

COTTAGE CHEESE.—To make cottage cheese the milk should be thoroughly clabbered, or coagulated. Set the pan of clabbered milk in a pan of hot water and heat it slowly until the curd separates from the whey, being careful not to let it get too hot, which will make the curd tough. The best temperature is between 92° and 94° F. When the curd is entirely separated, turn it into a strainer lined with a piece of cheese-cloth wrung out in hot water. Let it drain and save the whey to use in cooking. Turn the curd into a bowl, crush it with a fork, and add salt and other seasoning as desired.—Miss D. Malet, Waterloo Rd., Wolverhampton.

FLOWER-POT AS COAL-SAVER.—Rather a good fuel-saver may be formed out of a flower-pot. This should be of quite a small size and, prior to the laying of the fire, it is stood right in the centre in an inverted position. The paper, wood, and coal are built up all round the pot until it is completely covered in. When set on fire the passage of air through the pot ensures a good burning, and the fire gives out an increased amount of heat, although there is actually much less fuel in the grate. A pot arranged in this way will take the place of additional firebricks, and result in a hotter fire.

FOR TESTING THE FRESHNESS OF EGGS.—A fresh egg if put in a bowl of water sinks to the bottom of the bowl, a bad egg floats.

TO KEEP OFF FLIES.—When driving or cycling in hot weather flies are often a great nuisance. If a little essence of Verbena is put on the coat they will not settle. This can be procured from any chemists and will not soil the clothing.

LEMONS.—Lemons are now so dear that it is worth while to know that a heated lemon yields almost twice as much juice as a cold one.—Mrs. D. Howitz, Fredensborg, Denmark.

HOME DYEING.—The secret of successful home dyeing is to have more than one piece of dye. It is impossible to dye a good-sized child's coat with one dye. At least four dyes are needed, and many a dress which would have been a success has been spoilt by the method which would "spoil a ship for a ha'porth of tar." If the material of the dress or coat will wash, it can be boiled in the dye. If a woollen material, it should be soaked in the boiling dye for twenty minutes, but not boiled. The garment should then be rinsed in lukewarm water and hung up to dry, and should be ironed while still damp.

CHEESE CUTLETS.—These may be made from scraps of dry cheese and can be prepared some time before using. Take three ounces of

ROLLS-ROYCE

Passenger Flights

Extract from statement made by Major-General Sir F. H. Sykes, Chief of the Air Staff, at a Meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, January 7th, 1919.

. . . . . .

". . . We established, in the summer . . . a small organisation called the Communication Squadron. It was organised on comprehensive lines, and consisted of two flights of D.H.4's, with **Rolls-Royce** Engines and a few other machines with a personnel of 61 officers and men. Between August and November there were made no fewer than 279 passenger cross country flights, such as to Paris, Nancy, Dunkirk, Manchester, York and Birmingham, and there was not a single case of a crash occurring to any machine with passengers on board. On one occasion two D.H.4 machines were required to transport Mr. Paul Cravath and Mr. Crosby of the American Mission, and **a record trip was made to Paris and back on the same day in four hours and twenty minutes.**"

The Times, January 8, 1919.

Rolls-Royce, Ltd., *Contractors to H.M. Government*
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grated cheese, one and a half ounces of butter, two eggs, a little made mustard and cayenne pepper. Pound and mix all these ingredients, make up into pear-shaped cutlets. Brush over with an egg, cover with breadcrumbs, and fry in deep fat till a golden brown. Serve each cutlet on a piece of toast.

SMALL RASHERS OF BACON boiled for five minutes and then fried come up to twice their size.

WHEN WASHING WOODWORK use a piece of tin about 12 inches long to protect the wall-paper from the wet cloth. Move it along the wall above the board while working. This method is much more satisfactory than using cardboard, as the dampness soon causes the paper to wear off, but the tin lasts indefinitely.

AN EFFECTIVE BRASS-CLEANING MIXTURE can be made by dissolving two heaped tablespoonfuls of kitchen salt in half a pint of vinegar. Polish with dry whiting.

IT WILL SAVE MUCH TIME when sewing if an ordinary three-arm towel-rack is placed above the right end of the sewing machine. On this rack can be hung the sewing tape, etc., and pieces of unfinished articles which otherwise slip on the floor.

AUSTRALIAN POOFTIES.—To half a pound of flour allow a level teaspoonful of baking powder and a good pinch of salt. Mix to a stiff paste with cold water or sour milk and fry in boiling fat till brown and cooked through. Serve with jam or honey.

IF A VERY LARGE HOLE IS WORN IN A STOCKING use black mosquito netting as foundation. Not only is this a good time-saver, but it is very strong.

HARDENED LINOLEUM.—Linoleum which has been stored away and become hard will soften if laid for a little while before the fire before unrolling.

EGG SHORTAGE.—When short of eggs for cakes, one tablespoon of vinegar may be substituted for one egg. The cakes will be quite light and will not taste of vinegar.

BROKEN TEACUPS.—Broken teacups make good poachers. Warm the cups and butter them halfway up. Stand them in a frying-pan or basin of water over the gas or fire. When the whites have set, the eggs should be watched carefully so that they do not become hard, ease round with a knife and slide on to a piece of toast.

ONION PORRIDGE.—The following is an excellent remedy for colds. Take a large Spanish onion, peel and split into quarters and put them into a small saucepan with a pint of water, an ounce of butter and a little salt. Boil gently for half an hour, add a pinch of pepper, and eat the porridge just before retiring for the night.

WASHING DELICATE MATERIALS.—Starched muslins, laces and prints will look nicer and iron more easily if damped with hot water—instead of cold.

Real laces should be washed carefully in milk instead of water, and then wound around a bottle to dry.

Delicately coloured socks and stockings are liable to fade in washing. If they are soaked overnight in a pail of water containing half a pint of turpentine, then wrung out and dried, the colour will set, and they can afterwards be washed without fading.

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Members' Exchange

Members' Exchange.

MISS FLORENCE J. LAWLOR, 11, Upper Napier Street, South Bank, Yorks.—"Should you have any lonely Members I would be pleased to write to them to try and brighten their lives a little. Having stayed on the Prairies, I know some of the 'homesteaders' have no friends and must feel very lonely when they are among other boys when they don't get any mail. I guess you will have lots of these in your Club."

No. 3033 Gunner W. Paynter, S.A.H.A., New Hanover, Natal, South Africa.—"I beg to thank all the Members for the letters received regarding stamps and to inform them that, owing to my joining up, I have disposed of my collection and all my duplicates, and I very much regret not being able to do any exchanging for the present. I would have written personally to each and every one, but, owing to the hurry and scurry in my joining up, my correspondence has become neglected and many letters mislaid. Though I have joined up I shall still be very pleased to receive letters from Members and shall do my best to answer them on any subject regarding the Union to the best of my ability."

H. J. Holloway, Esq., 160, Hudson Avenue, Albany, New York, U.S.A. —"I am a stamp collector and wish to exchange stamps with fellow Members in all parts of the world. I am especially interested in British Colonials."

Captain A. V. Laferla, K.O.M.R., LL.D., 22, Strada Molini, Valletta, Malta. —"I should be glad to exchange correspondence with Members in any part of the world."

L. S. Huntley, Esq., Bank of N.S.W., Camden, N.S.W., Australia.— "I wish to exchange Australian stamps for those of Falkland and Andaman Islands."

R. MacCormack, Salt River P.O., Jamaica, B.W.I.—"I would like to exchange West Indian stamps and curios for useful articles."

Mrs. F. Argent, 3, Grove Terrace, Stoke Fields, Guildford, Surrey.— "Here in England I should be very glad to know some people from Japan, New Zealand, Canada, America, etc., all of which countries I know. If you could put me in touch with any Member living near here (with quiet, cultured taste) it would be pleasant to talk over one's wanderings."

Miss Janet Hogg, Y.W.C.A., 60, Russell Street, Melbourne, Australia.— "Could any Member supply me with the first five copies of 'Overseas,' as I wish to have the complete set."

Miss G. Turnley, 36, Buckingham Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool. - "I should be glad to receive Nos. 1, 14, and 15 of 'Overseas' if any Member has them in duplicate."

Miss F. Saunders, South African Colonisation Society, 23, Army and Navy Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W.—"Could any Member inform me whether there would be any openings in the Transvaal for *women* house decorators and second-hand furniture and curio dealers?"

Driver G. S. Hodge, M2/11, 3689, A.S.C., M.P., c/o British Agent, Jeddah, Red Sea, Arabia.—"Could any Member give me information about the Nilghire District, near Wellington, India, as I have been given to understand it has good prospects for tea planting and bacon-curing (for export only), fruit growing, horse and polo pony breeding for the Indian trade?"

Albert W. Savage, Box 218, Crawford, Nebraska, U.S.A.—"I would be glad to exchange stamps with Members in any part of the world, also any Members who desire information regarding California, Oregon, Washington, Vancouver Island, or Saskatchewan, Canada, I would be happy to supply it."

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J. Miller Winch, Messrs. Winch Brothers, Colchester.—"Could any Member or correspondent in Arabia, Mecca or Palestine send us any postage stamps? We would be willing to pay for them."

4/176A, Spr. T. W. P. Willis, New Zealand Engineers' Depot, Boscombe, Hants.—"Correspondence would be appreciated; somewhat lonely."

Pte. L. Alexander, 14104, 7/8, K.O.S.B., H.Q. Company, B.E.F., France.—"I wish to correspond with Members of the Club in England."

Miss Lucy Bridson, Milton School, Edleston Road, Crewe, England.—"I shall be delighted to send books and papers regularly to any O.S. Member living in some isolated spot."

George Wilton, 183, Lipton Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.—"I am collecting British colonial postage stamps. Could any Member send me some, including war stamps? I would be willing to pay for them."

W. W., c/o The Over-Seas Club, General Buildings, Aldwych, London. W.C.—"Copies of 'Overseas,' Nos. 1, 4, and 10, will be gratefully, received in exchange for other copies."

Lieut. P. Dalrymple Townsend, R.F.A., R.A. Mess, Brighton, Sussex.—"Previous to the War I was farming in Canada, but find now that, owing to being somewhat incapacitated cannot stand the severe winter. I have now decided to go to British East Africa, and am anxious to hear from people who may be able to give me an idea of the country generally."

Capt. W. Kilroy Harris, D.S.O., M.C., c/o Royal Colonial Institute, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C., wishes to exchange Australian photos and stamps for photos from any part of the world. Captain Harris would also be very grateful for illustrated papers from British possessions for use in Royal Naval Division Library at Aldershot.

Mrs. A. H. C. Sorslie, 11, Westover Road, Bournemouth.—"In answer to my appeal, which was published in the magazine early last year, I have had many papers sent to me for the soldiers in hospital, both from Canada and Australia. Would you kindly thank the following people in your next issue: 'Mrs. Staples Noton, of Calgary, Alberta, Canada; J. Fitzhardinge and D. Fitzhardinge, of Nyvern Avenue, Chatswood, Sydney, Australia; also W. Parnell, Oabrey, Queensland, Australia.' The papers were greatly appreciated by the men."

A. J. Wallis-Taylor, C.E., A.M.I.C.E., Oaklands, Tatsfield, Surrey. "If I could be of service to the Society in any way it would give me pleasure. Perhaps Members in the Colonies sometimes require advice on engineering matters. If you think assistance in this direction likely to be of use, I am ready to offer my services as Honorary Consulting Engineer."

Miss J. Hogg, Y.W.C.A., 60, Russell Street, Melbourne, Australia. "Could any Member supply me with April, May and June, 1916, numbers of 'Overseas'?"

Mr. F. Stanhope Bilbrough, of Victoria Island, Victoria Point, South Burma, is anxious to obtain up-to-date views of Harwich and Brightlingsea, Essex. He will exchange views of Penang, S.S., or purchase as desired.

H. A. Fyne, Esq., 69, South Portland Street, Glasgow, Scotland. "I wish to correspond with Members of the Over-Seas Club in Australia."

Miss H. Purdue, Daytona, Fla., U.S.A. "Can any Member supply me with the June, 1918, issue of 'Overseas'?

J. W. Spraggett, 49, Victoria Street, Paignton, Devon.—"I am a discharged soldier and badly crippled as the result of wounds received at Vimy Ridge. I have taken most enthusiastically to stamp collecting, and would be glad to receive additions from all parts."

Lieut. E. K. W. Denton, R.A.F., c/o Cox & Co., Cairo, Egypt.—"I should be very pleased to receive postage stamps of any description; will send E.E.F. or Egyptian stamps in exchange."

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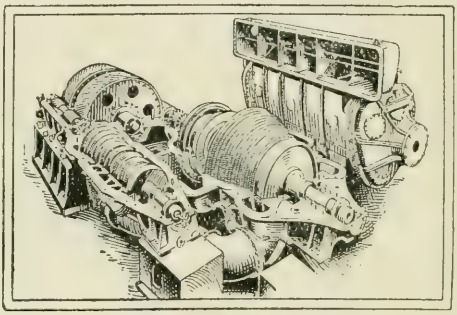

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A Matter of Justice

A Matter of Justice,

THAT any existing injustice to our fighters should go unheeded at this moment is unthinkable. Their achievements surely preclude the possibility of such a contingency arising. The fact that they are our relatives and friends induces special alertness on the part of those at home, where the warriors' interests are concerned. Our men are above praise. They have saved the world from a fate too dreadful to contemplate, and have laid the foundation of the security of future generations from the iron heel of Prussianism which threatened to dominate civilisation. Words of praise are easily uttered and are apt to pall upon the praised after four years of unparalleled emotions. We thank our defenders and we plan great schemes for their future welfare. But deeds of practical gratitude must replace words of eulogy. Where are our armies now? They are still carrying on their business. They are daily making themselves better acquainted, for business reasons, with the region along the Rhine. They are still very much on active service. The British Navy, too—traditionally strong and silent—has work to perform and is daily and nightly on the watch. The Royal Air Force, moreover (the eyes of the sister services), holds in its ranks thousands of men whose Armistice duties keep them busily at work. Night and day they and their machines are at concert pitch.

For all these men the War is not yet over: but some of us at home and in distant parts of the world forget this point. For them the cessation of hostilities, to a certain extent, means Peace. These are the Prime Minister's words on the subject :—

"Although the fighting has stopped the War is not over. The German armies have not yet been demobilised, and are still very powerful. No one can tell what the Germans will do, nor whether they will agree to the terms of Peace and reparations which we seek to impose upon them. Impatience now might lose in a few weeks all that it has taken of heroism and sacrifice to gain. During these next few months we must be strong and united in order that a firm settlement may be made with the enemy."

Injustice, great or small, to these men would be, we say, unthinkable. It would be unjust to curtail their supply of comfort hampers. During the fighting the arrival of Over-Seas Club Hampers continually brought happiness and a thought of home to the fortunate recipients. Most of the comforts contained in the package were urgently required. They were shared with others in the unit. They provided a new topic of conversation; they supplied a link with home. Though, happily for the men, "Jack

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A Matter of Justice.

Johnsons" and "Coal-boxes" are now but nightmares of the past, our soldiers have not yet lost their appetite for Over-Seas Club Comfort Hampers. They are still on service rations, and they work under service conditions. This will continue. Till Peace is signed and demobilisation eventually effected—our men will welcome the regular arrival of Over-Seas Club Hampers.

The following typical letter—an Armistice letter—gives an idea as to the kind of happiness a Club Hamper brings to the man on service :—

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[One of these days, when we get a little time at Headquarters, we will count up how many thousands of hampers the Over-Seas Club has sent to the Front during the War.]

To slacken hamper-sending during the Armistice is an injustice to the fighters. Cessation of fighting does not magically transfer the fighters back to their homes, and instantly remove any necessity on the part of their friends to consider their comfort. If this were so, then obviously the need for a Hamper Fund would cease to be.

Our joyful sentiments brought about by the ending of the Greatest War in history should not obscure our thoughts of those thousands whose efforts have brought hostilities to a successful conclusion Their comfort while still on service is a matter of justice. We ask our many friends to continue to support the fund and maintain an unbroken supply of Hampers for the men in the forces overseas. Donations should be addressed at once to the Hon. Organiser, Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2. Please mark the envelope "Hamper Fund" and cross cheques "Coutts & Co."

E. D. W. C.

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The self-reliant man has lost all his money in consequence of the mines having proved failures. Most of his friends who could have helped him have gone away or died. At fifty-five he has to start again or sink under. The other is happy in the knowledge that the Endowment Assurance which he has commuted into an annuity will provide for him a certain and substantial income paid half-yearly for the remainder of his life. Further, before commuting he had the satisfaction of knowing that all the time he was paying premiums his policy afforded protection for his wife and family had he been taken from them by accident or illness.

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Suffered over a year. Found instant relief.—Mrs. Mann, Preswylia House, Tendring Road, Thorpes-le-Soken, Essex, says:—"I can say without fear of contradiction that Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my life. I found instant relief in the first box, and now I am a new woman in health and strength."

Shell-shock Nerves.

Private N. G. Smith, 45225, 4th Res. Batt. K.S.L.I., Bush Camp, Pembroke Dock, says:—"I was suffering from gunshot wound and shock. After leaving hospital I was a nervous wreck, the least move or excitement set me shaking. After taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets the trouble completely disappeared, and now I am A1 again."

Sleepless & Nervous.

Able-Seaman Ingram, 7215, R.N.V.R., c/o Naval Base, Portsmouth, writes:—"You will find the best nerves for mine-sweeping, but I had a nervous breakdown; could not sleep, and nothing did me good. Then I took Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and they made a new man of me. I am 32, but I feel like 20 now as a result of taking the Tablets."

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Mr. G. L. Joseph, 14 Whitefriars Road, Kings Cross, London, writes:—"After nearly two years in the army I got run-down and nervy and could not sleep, and was discharged with nervous breakdown. Dr. Cassell's Tablets braced me up, and I was soon splendid, with steady nerves, and able to work."

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A World Without Books.

The production of books in embossed type is perhaps one of the most important of the numerous activities being carried on by the National Institute for the Blind. The Institute is responsible for the greater part of the books and pamphlets printed in Braille and Moon types in English in the world, which entails the production annually of 10,000 large bound volumes, 40,000 magazines, 100,000 newspapers, and 30,000 pamphlets, music, etc., and in spite of the fact that the War has greatly increased the difficulties of production, there has been no advance to the blind man for his literature ; indeed, in the last year or so the price has been reduced, and no volume is sold for more than 2s. 6d., which means a heavy financial loss on each book produced. Vast quantities of books are distributed free. It must also be remembered that grants of large quantities of books are made to the National Library for the Blind for free circulation.

The production of Braille Music also marks a very important side of the National Institute's work. The Music Department of the National Institute now numbers 24—12 blind and 12 sighted—and it is therefore possible to produce very much more music than before. Special attention is being paid to the publication of music to allow blind pupils to enter for the best standard examinations. There is at the Institute a beautiful organ for the full use of candidates wishing to enter for the R.C.O. examinations.

Here, then, is an appeal that must assuredly touch the heart of all readers of "Overseas." There is no joy in the world comparable with the joy of reading, the power, as Leigh Hunt put it, "of losing yourself in another man's mind." The range of literature now open to the blind man whose fingers are his eyes is more varied and extensive than it was a few years ago. But the cry is ever books and more books. But physical darkness does not by any means convey mental obscurity, and the wider the range of literature available for the blind the wider will become the mental outlook of those condemned to live in perpetual darkness.

We would ask every one, therefore, who reads these few words to remember what reading means to them, and then to send a contribution in accordance with their power to The National Institute for the Blind, 224-6-8, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, and think of it as a book-lover's contribution to those for whom the love of literature means so much.

PERIODS OF TRANSITION

are always perilous. The reaction from a state of War, when the Nation's energies have been feverishly bent on the accomplishment of a single purpose, to a state of Peace, when all sorts of readjustments are necessary, will disclose many

FLAWS IN CHARACTER

and slackening of moral fibre, both in men and women.

The highest interests of the State call, therefore, for earnest endeavour by

THE SALVATION ARMY

and kindred agencies, so that—

Child-life may be Safeguarded.
The Aged Poor Counselled and Comforted.
The Wayward Youth of either Sex Warned and Shepherded.
The Workless and the Unfortunate Assisted in their Need; and
The Masses Instructed in Faith and Morals.

THE SALVATION ARMY places at the disposal of the Nation not only its numerous preventive and redemptive agencies—workshops, elevators, hostels, nursing, homes, creches, rescue centres and other kindred organisations, but will carry on its moral and spiritual activities (more than 1,000 centres in the United Kingdom alone), and confidently looks to the benevolent for generous support.

Please help to keep this Good Work going. Gifts should be sent to General BOOTH, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4. Cheques to be crossed "Bank of England, Law Courts Branch."

ALL the HOME NEWS

IN THE

"OVER-SEAS DAILY MAIL"

The following letter shows how the paper is welcomed by our kinsmen overseas:—

"Sir,—I was reading in your ever-welcome paper that a reader in Philadelphia, U.S.A., said that he had received it every week since war began, with the exception of twice, so I thought I would write and tell you that I have been more fortunate than him, having only missed one copy all the time this dreadful war has been going on.

I must say that I look forward to the *Over-Seas Daily Mail* so much, being an Old Country Girl; it just seems like a message from home to me.

Wishing that your paper will have the best of success, and hoping you will be pleased to have the above information from so far away in the West.

Nelson, British Columbia. (Miss) ETHEL S. V. BLACKIE."

For 5/- "The Over-Seas Daily Mail," including Trade Supplements, will be posted to any address in the world—outside enemy countries—or to men serving abroad for a whole year.

Address—Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail Over-Seas Edition," Carmelite House, London, E.C. 4.

THE NATIONAL WAY

and the *most practical way* of finding permanent employment for the men broken in the War is at the

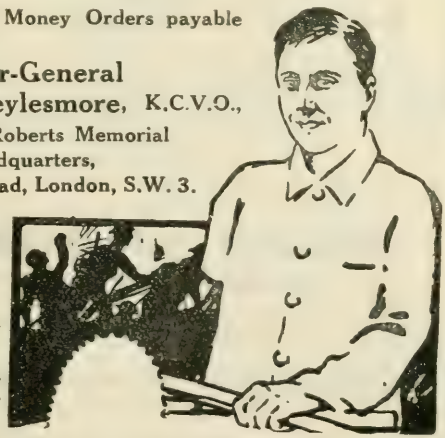
Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops

THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

TRY as one will to find a better way of securing permanent employment for our totally disabled Soldiers and Sailors it resolves itself finally to this—that the man *must work* in the *company of men similarly afflicted* and he *must work at a machine.* We have tried every other plan and failed. We have tried the best machinery and found it the only way. We are buying more as fast as our Capital Fund increases. Just as modern machinery has solved the munition supply problem so has machinery solved the problem of what to do for our broken men. Come and see the men at work. You will never help any other method afterwards. Ask the men themselves. They know. They work at our shops in comfort, sympathy and comradeship. They make good articles that sell at commercial prices and they earn good wages by doing so. They have helped to break the German Army—now they are helping to break the German trade grip. The products of Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops are sold by leading retailers everywhere, and these merchants will tell you that the goods are capturing the trade heretofore held by the German. So by helping our Capital Fund you do many good things. Send a Cheque to-day. Insist on our products.

Make Cheques or Money Orders payable to the Chairman,

Major-General
The Lord Cheylesmore, K.C.V.O.,
The Lord Roberts Memorial Headquarters,
122, Brompton Road, London, S.W. 3.



The Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors
[*Registered under the Charities Act, 1916*]
The Rt. Hon. Sir Fredk. Milner, Bt., *Hon. Treas*
Major A. Tudor Craig, C.B.E., F.S.A. *Comptroller.*
Chas. Fredk. Higham, M.P. *Hon. Appeal Organiser.*

The Sunshine of Many a Home is STARVING in STRICKEN BELGIUM

AMONG all the nations who have fought for the great cause of humanity, none have suffered more terribly than our gallant ally Belgium. Throughout the four long years during which their country has been overrun and wantonly devastated by the enemy, the plight of her people—men, women and children—has been almost indescribable.

No words can ever express the gratitude the world owes to that brave race, who in 1914, when the whole of civilisation was at stake, were the first to hurl themselves fearlessly into the breach, and by so doing lost everything save their soul.

Send a Victory Gift to Belgium's Starving Children

One of the greatest anxieties throughout these terrible days is the welfare of the young children of Belgium. To keep them from literally starvation the "Working Mea's Belgian Fund" were appointed delegates to a children's fund under the presidency of H.S.H. Princess A. de Ligne. This Fund has undertaken the care of the sick and debilitated children of Belgium. The children are fed, clothed and medically cared for until restored to health.

To carry on this most necessary work, funds are urgently needed, and all subscriptions and donations will be most gratefully received. Remittances should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer.

BELGIAN CHILDREN FUND

c/o WORKING MEN'S BELGIAN FUND.

Working under the Patronage of H.E. the Belgian Minister, Em. Vandervelde, and registered under the War Charities Act, 1916.

32, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W. 1.

Telephones: Victoria 8994 and 8995.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Private Robinson
bringing his motherless bairns
to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

7,000
Children need Food.

Please help them in these times of high food prices.

The Homes are caring for Tommies' Bairns.

7,085
Children admitted since War broke out.

WILL YOU SEND THEM £10?

10,715 BARNARDO BOYS HAVE FOUGHT FOR YOU ON LAND AND SEA.

Give yourself the joy of feeling that for at least a month you are supporting Nine Orphan Children.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Bill Fund,' and crossed; and Food, Blankets, Clothing, and Toys may be addressed to the Honorary Director: WILLIAM BAKER, ESQ., M.A., LL.B., DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES,

18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E. 1.

Please mention Over-Seas Club Monthly, February, 1919, when remitting.

OVER 200,000 MEMBERS AND EX-MEMBERS

OF

The Church Lads' Brigade

(King's Royal Rifle Corps Cadets)

Have served or are serving in H.M. Forces in the Great War.

No less than 15 Victoria Crosses and over 400 other Distinctions

have been gained by members of:—

The Church Lads' Brigade

The trained boy of to-day is a National asset. Will You help the Church Lads' Brigade to continue its great work for the Defence of the Empire, and the Religious, Moral, and Physical Welfare of "our men of a few years hence"?

Contributions should be sent to the Secretary, The Rev. EDGAR ROGERS, M.A., Church Lads' Brigade, Aldwych House, Catherine Street, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

When Love Goes Hungry.

"It is a sign of true greatness to be interested in little things." In what can we better interest ourselves than little children, especially those that are fatherless, motherless, lonely, suffering? There are hundreds such who know neither

A MOTHER'S DEVOTION

nor a father's care.

Perhaps your own children have grown up and left you; perhaps God never gave you any. Yet you have a heart capable of infinite love and your happiness is incomplete because that love goes hungry.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Why not take an interest in unfortunate children who have been robbed of their natural protectors? The National Children's Home has more than 3,000 such children under its care, and offers you a share in their nurture and upbringing. By this means many readers of this Magazine have discovered a new key to happiness.

Please send a gift, or write for particulars to
The Principal (Rev. W. HODSON SMITH),

THE

National Children's Home & Orphanage

(Founded by Dr. Stephenson),

104-122, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1.

Treasurers: J. R. BARLOW, Esq., J.P.; Sir CHARLES C. WAKEFIELD, Bart.

N.B.—It is important that you should please mention "Over-Seas Club."

NEW

RELIEF UNIT

AT ALLENBY'S REQUEST

STARTS
IMMEDIATELY.

Organised by Syria and Palestine Relief Fund and Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Overwhelming Need

DOCTORS
NURSES
TRAINED RELIEF WORKERS
&c.

Cheques payable to the Secretary.

SYRIA & PALESTINE RELIEF FUND

110, Victoria Street, LONDON, S.W. 1.
(*Registered under the War Charities Act*, 1916.)

THE MINE-SWEEPERS' FUND

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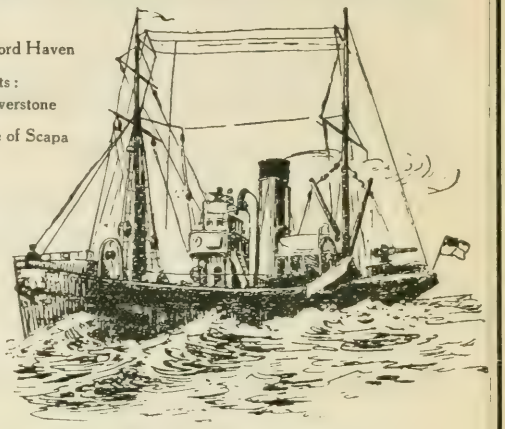

OFFICES
c/o Messrs. Geo Trollope & Sons, West Halkin Street, Belgrave Square, S.W.

SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY

(Founded as the RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 1844)

LONDON'S PIONEER CHILD WELFARE SOCIETY.

We serve from day to day the cause of thousands of poor and suffering children.
We supply clothes and boots, surgical instruments, and spinal carriages to the necessitous and afflicted.
We provide Country Holidays all the year round for ailing and crippled children.
We maintain Day Nurseries, Infant Welfare Centres, and Homes for Homeless Children.
We exercise moral and religious influence through 140 Branches and Missions.

There is Fine Scope for Thank-offering and Memorial Gifts.

We heartily invite the extended co-operation of all Overseas friends of poor children in this essential national work. Contributions in money and kind will be gratefully acknowledged by Sir JOHN KIRK, J.P., Shaftesbury Society.

32, JOHN STREET, LONDON, W.C. 1.

The Merchant Service

Gets but little of the bounteous offerings sent home by Patriotic Britons Overseas for War Charities.

The "jugular vein of the Nation" and the "weaver of the web of Empire" badly wants help of this kind.

An urgent appeal is, therefore, made for contributions to

The Fryatt Memorial Fund.

Patrons:—Admiral Viscount Jellicoe, Lord Beresford, Admiral Sir David Beatty and others.

This Fund is doing excellent work in alleviating suffering and distress amongst Officers of the Merchant Service and their dependents, and maintaining and educating their children where necessitous circumstances exist. It is the only Fund of its kind in existence and is akin to the "Officers' Families Fund" which does such grand work for the Officers of the Navy and Army, but does not cover the Merchant Service.

So far the sum of £9,000 only has been raised. The result is that many demands on the Fund cannot be met.

Contributions will be most gratefully received by :—

HON. LIEUT. T. W. MOORE, M.B.E., R.N.R.,
Imperial Merchant Service Guild,
The Arcade, LIVERPOOL.

Y.M.C.A. RECREATION HUTS at the BASE CAMPS in FRANCE.

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The Y.M.C.A. Ladies' Auxiliary Committee, of which Her Highness Princess Helena Victoria is President, and the Countess of Bessborough and Mrs. Ian Malcolm, Joint Hon. Secretaries, are doing a most valuable work amongst the soldiers at the Base Camps in France. Since the commencement of the War, they have sent out over 900 ladies, who have given their services voluntarily, to assist in the Huts by serving refreshments, etc., organising games among the men, helping with their letters, giving them sympathy and encouragement, and in many other ways ministering to the comforts of the soldiers. The work the Y.M.C.A. ladies are doing also in the Hostels for the relatives of the wounded is of the greatest value, and calls for sympathy and support.

A Special Appeal is made for all kinds of Indoor Games, such as Draughts, Dominoes, Puzzles, etc., also Gramophones and Records, for our Troops in Italy.

VOLUNTARY LADY WORKERS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

Donations and gifts in kind, such as games (indoor and outdoor), gramophones, records, and musical instruments, should be addressed to Her Highness Princess Helena Victoria, Y.M.C.A., 74, South Audley Street, London, W. 1, and marked "Base Camps Fund."

All contributions will be gratefully received by the Aux. Committee.

British County Homestead Association,

4, REGENT STREET, S.W. 1.

(Registered under War Charities Act, 1916.)

Presidents:
HON. MRS. OLIPHANT MURRAY. (*Founder.*) HON. LADY FELLOWES.

Vice-Presidents include:

Viscount French, G.C.V.O., &c.
Viscount Jellicoe, G.C.B., &c.
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Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, J.P.
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D. Fell, Esq. (ex-M.P., N.S.W.).
(*Co. Hon. Organiser.*)

The B.C.H.A. is extending the establishment of Central Training Homes in the various Counties, where Ex-Officers and Men of all Services are instructed in Agriculture and Horticulture, prior to settling down in Small Holdings of their own. A property is being purchased in Hampshire with funds received from British residents in China, which will be devoted entirely to the training of ex-officers.

Britishers in other parts of the Empire might emulate this patriotic spirit, and so show their gratitude in a tangible way to those of our splendid men who have been broken in health in helping to save the Empire and its peoples from the cruel fate of Belgium and Serbia.

The Need is Urgent. Men are being discharged daily, to whom an open-air life is essential.

"BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT."

Send your Cheque to-day to the Hon. Treasurer at above address, or to Lloyds Bank, Ltd., 16, St. James' Street, S.W. 1.

A Bright Home and a Bit o' Land.

PERFECT FIT ASSURED

in any part of the world by ordering from Jackson's Illustrated Catalogue of Hats, Boots, Raincoats, etc. The quality of material and workmanship is first class, and the prices are the lowest possible.

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World Famous

Hats, Boots, Shoes,
Raincoats and Umbrellas
are made in **Ladies' & Gents.' Fittings**

Send for the Catalogue to-day

JACKSONS, Ltd. (Dept. O), Victoria Works Stockport, England.

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HEAD OFFICE:

Royal Liver Building, LIVERPOOL,
and at MANCHESTER,
GRAND CANARY and TENERIFFE.

Branches at all the Principal Places in

Nigeria, Gold Coast Colony, Togoland, Gambia, Sierra Leone, Sherbro, Cameroons, Belgian Congo.

Large and well-assorted Stocks in hand at all Branches.

THE NAVY LEAGUE

FOUNDED JANUARY, 1895.

13, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.

The Navy League appeals for practical support to enable it to pursue the active propagandist and educational work upon which it is now engaged in relation to the war, and to generally promote the objects for which it exists, namely, to bring home to the people of the Empire the vital importance of retaining the supreme command of the sea, coupled with supremacy in the air.
Every patriot in the Empire should prove his or her confidence in our Sea Power by becoming a member of the League.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—	£	s.	d.	
Life Vice-President	25	0	0	
Life Fellow	10	0	0	
Vice-Presidents (annually)	5	0	0	
Fellow	1	1	0	
Member with *The Navy*, post free ...		5	0	
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"The Fleet of England is Her All in All."

Farm Colony for Soldiers & Sailors Suffering from Tuberculosis.

(National Association for the Prevention of Consumption.)

Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
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EVERY CITIZEN - SOLDIER

who in fighting for his country has lost his health, and thereby the means of self-support, becomes of necessity the care of the Nation.

The case of the Blind and Limbless is well in hand.

LET US THINK OF THE TUBERCULOUS.

THE FARM COLONY for Sailors and Soldiers aims at completing the cure of suitable patients from Hospitals and Sanatoria, helping them to work out their salvation under proper conditions, training those who require it in **some open-air, healthy occupation suited to their condition, especially fitting them for a life on the land,** that they may become once more self-supporting citizens.

IT IS ESTIMATED that **£50,000** will be needed for the Farm Colony. Donations will be gratefully received if sent to the Honorary Treasurer, **The Lord Glenconner, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. 1.**

PRACTICAL HELP now means a new lease of life to a suffering ex-Service man.

Published by the Over-Seas Club, London. Printers: The Whitefriars Press, Ltd., Tonbridge.

We don't expect you to send us £10,000–

— if you can only afford sixpence

but you may rest assured that any donation, be it large or small, sent to the National Institute for the Blind, 224–6–8, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, will be used to the best advantage to bring light into the lives of those condemned to live in perpetual darkness. Ask yourself the question: "What is my eyesight worth to me?" and let your answer be in accordance with your sympathy.

CONFIDENCE

AS Spinners with over a hundred years' experience, and as manufacturers of the world-famous "Viyella" (Regd) Blouse and Shirting Cloth,

WM. HOLLINS & CO., LTD.

call attention to their TRADE MARK as above. Whether on the Selvedge of piece-goods, or on the Tab on made-up garments, this MARK is a GUARANTEE that the fabric bearing it is their genuine production, and that the utmost CONFIDENCE may be placed on its perfection of make, and on its good-wearing qualities. "AZA" (Regd.) and "CLYDELLA" (Regd.) only less famous than "Viyella" are made by the same firm.

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